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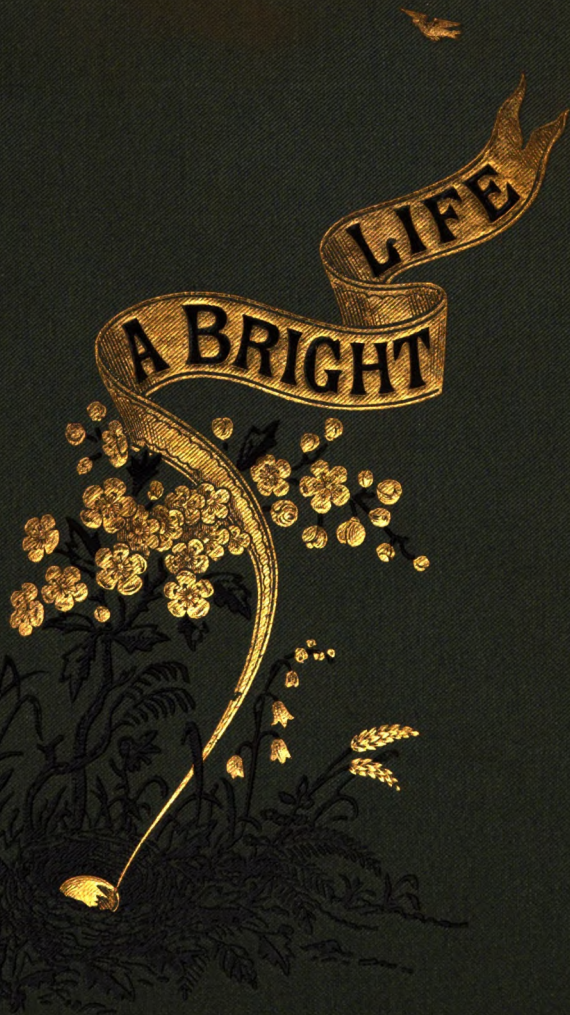
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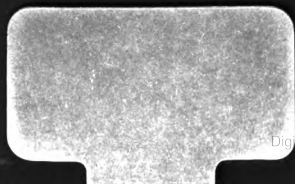
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Mayflower.

ABOUT LIFE

TO THE PUBLIC

INTRODUCTION

BY THE AUTHOR

THE LIFE OF
THE AUTHOR

THE LIFE OF
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1883



4/10/2021

A BRIGHT LIFE

Dedicated to the Young.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By THE REV. W. B. ROBERTSON, D.D.
(OF IRVINE.)

"Weep not, my mother, weep not; I am blest,
But must leave Heaven if I come to thee;
For I am where the weary are at rest,
The wicked cease from troubling; *Come to me.*"
EPITAPH ON AN OLD TOMBSTONE.

OURS—the yearning heart forlorn,
HERS—the joy that comes with Morn.



LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

1881.

210. m. 944.



Mayflower.

AN BRIGHT LIFE

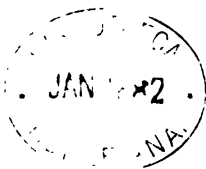
DEDICATED TO

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY THE REV. W. B. RICE

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ILLINOIS.

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,
1881.



LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET

1881.

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**PRINTED BY T. AND A. CONSTABLE, PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY,
AT THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY PRESS.**

P R E F A C E.

THIS little record of the uneventful life of a young Christian girl is published in the belief that the picture of her sweetness, her purity of heart, her loving submission to God's will, her child-like faith in God's written word, and her patient cheerfulness under prolonged and most depressing illness, may be useful in the way of help and encouragement to others.

It is now sent forth, dedicated to
THE YOUNG,
with the prayer that He who uses even the weak things of this world for good ends, may be pleased to send His blessing along with it.

October 1881.

SHE was so sweet, my treasure !
And all things good, and beautiful,
 To her gave pleasure ;
The rosy clouds, playing hide-and-seek
With every blue and saffron streak,
 As morn is waking ;
Sportive smiles ; sweet counsel grave ;
Secret help, in time to save
 Some heart from breaking ;
Such the things gave pleasure,
With all that's true, and dutiful,
 To *her*, my treasure !

1881.

INTRODUCTION.

It is told of Luca Signorelli, the great painter, that when his son most dear to him died suddenly, the old man, broken-hearted but brave, seizing on brush and palette, entered the room where the dead youth lay, painted, with the rapidity of genius working under the pressure of great sorrow, a most beautiful likeness of him lying in his marble slumber, and said, "Now I have him here, you may bury when you like."

The mourning mother who, in the following memoir, has sketched the likeness of a beloved daughter, now, in her sainted youth, asleep in Jesus, affects nothing of such self-satisfaction as Luca felt in the work that his swift, creative genius had done; but as the painting of the picture comforted Luca, so the writing of this little book has helped to

cheer the night of weeping of this Rachel sorrowing for her only child. And now that the shadow of death is somewhat turned into the light of morning, she sends it forth (as at daybreak) in the hope that the reading of it may be helpful to others. She has written down quite naturally whatever meaning in her daughter's life came to her mind, whatever memories of it she had pondered in her heart. Absorbed in her subject she has not thought of the manner of handling it, and so has done it with simplicity. In the story of her daughter's beautiful brief life, it seems to me that nothing could be better than what she has here given, the natural, artless outcome of a mourner's sorrow and a mother's love.

W. B. ROBERTSON.

WESTFIELD HOUSE, WEST-CALDER,
27th September 1881.

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A BRIGHT LIFE.



CHAPTER I.

EARLIEST YEARS.

A precious wee bundle of flannel ! delight
On each face in the room with the soft-shaded light,
A manly voice uttering praise as they tell—
“ A daughter is born, and the mother is well.”

A dear little dumpling ! all dimples and fat,
Little feet ever trotting from this thing to that,
Blue eyes full of wonder, then brimming with glee,
When they catch “ Mam-mam’s ” glance, or when “ Pap-pa ”
they see. *From A SKETCH.*

ON the lonely banks of the Upper Ottawa, where
the red man may still be seen gliding on the river
in his birch-bark canoe, were spent the first years
of the life of Mayflower.

Her young, bright life has passed away. The
sweet bud which was permitted to grow until it
reached the maturity of a lovely flower, is now in

A

its native soil. But although nearly one-third of her life on earth was passed in ever-increasing illness, it was pre-eminently a bright life,—bright with the joyous, loving nature given by God, bright with trustful submission to His will, and towards its close on earth, very bright with the hopes and anticipated joys of eternity.

But it must not be supposed that Mayflower—as we sometimes called her—was all sweetness, and gentleness, and beauty. Possessing these attributes in an eminent degree, there was also the ring of hard, pure, and true metal in her character. Her wit was keen, yet harmless. Her capacity for enjoyment was intense. So was her love for music, and for the beautiful in everything. Her appreciation of fun was especially and irrepressibly intense! This last characteristic rippled on her face and in her tones throughout life, and had strength even when life was drawing to its close.

Mayflower was born of Scottish parents, in Canada, in the month of May, and in July was taken by them to her childhood's home on the

Ottawa, the only way of getting to which, in those days, was by canoe, and which it took two days to reach, stopping for the night at one of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company's posts *en route*.

On arriving at the broad waters of the Ottawa they found the canoe awaiting them; and there, reclining on the cushions in its centre, cradled in her mother's arms, and sheltered from the blazing July sun by a huge parasol, the little Mayflower glided up the river, her infant slumbers soothed by the wildly-sweet canoe songs of the *voyageurs*.

Frequently their course was arrested by a "Portage," where, to avoid a rapid, the canoe was unloaded and carried past the obstruction on the men's shoulders. On these occasions Mayflower was covered by a veil to protect her from the pitiless mosquitoes, and borne in her father's arms "thro' brake and thro' brier," over fallen trees, through swamp and forest, to the end of the Portage. There the canoe was relaunched, reloaded, and the voyage continued. Thus she reached her home on the Ottawa.

It was a border-land at that time, the outskirts of civilisation, where the white man in his steady encroachment on the wilderness, built his log shanty alongside the leathern wigwam of his Indian brother. It was a pleasant and lovely, though lonely spot. Just opposite Mayflower's home the Ottawa was three miles broad, dotted with little pine-clad islands, and resembling rather a lake than a river. On right and left and behind, stretched the vast Canadian forest, far as the eye could reach, the grand solitudes of which had not yet been much disturbed by the husbandman, the echoes of which were more familiar with the ring of the lumberman's axe, and the crack of the trapper's gun.

Here, in an isolated post of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, named Fort William, of which her father was in charge, Mayflower's bright life began to run its short and sparkling course. Here, in the wilderness, far away from civilised life and influences, the bud blossomed and grew among the flowers, the sunbeams, and the birds; herself making the beauty, the sunshine, and the music of her

home. Truly she made her home's happiness, all through her joyous childhood, from the time when she sat at the window on her mother's knee watching for her father, and calling, "Pa! tum baby!" on through her lovely girlhood and early youth; on through all her long, most gently, most patiently borne illness; on to that day—her last Sabbath on earth—when, rallying her sinking powers, she raised her head from her pillow to meet her father's farewell kiss.

From her earliest childhood a simple, loving faith in God characterised Mayflower. As soon as she could speak her mother taught her to repeat after her the usual "God bless papa and mamma and me," etc.; and one day, when her powers of comprehension had grown stronger, explained to her that when she did anything wrong, she should ask God to forgive her; and also that she should thank Him for everything she had that was pleasant. That evening, when kneeling down to say her little prayer, her mother said, "Think if you have done anything naughty to-day, and ask God to forgive

you." She considered a minute, then folding her hands, said, "O God, I am sorry for slapping mamma, will you forgive me? *do!*"

This was her first extempore prayer. Her mother had no recollection of the "slap," but the tender conscience remembered it.

The next evening on kneeling as usual, she said, "O God, I am much obliged to you for taking care of me and giving me all these nice things; when I die will you take me up to heaven beside you and Jesus Christ?"

She was then not quite two and a half years old; so early did the Lord God teach her to pray.

Her loving, sympathising nature showed itself as soon as she could lisp. Pain or distress of any kind at once called forth an earnest endeavour to soothe.

One day her mother received a letter telling her of the death of her own mother in Scotland. Mayflower, then two years old, was playing on the floor at a little distance, and, happening to look up, saw by her mother's face that something was the matter. Instantly quitting her toys she ran to her,

and putting her hands fondly on her knees, looked up in her face with an expression of the tenderest love and inquiring sympathy, and said, "What is it, mam-mam? has oo a pain in oo back?"

Sometimes she made unintentional jokes, as children, not to mention grown-up people, frequently do. On one occasion her mother was giving her a lesson in arithmetic, on the "object" principle. Giving her an apple, she asked, "How many apples have you got?"

"One," said Mayflower.

"Here is another for you. How many does that make?"

Mayflower looked hard at the apples, placed them close together, and then said, "Two."

"Yes; one and one make two. Now, if I give you one more apple, what would that make?"

"Oh, mamma, that would make me sick!" said Mayflower in a remonstrative tone.

In her lonely home, then accessible only by canoe in summer and sleigh in winter, she seldom saw any but the members of the household. One

winter's day, however, a lumber-merchant passing up the river, came in to see her father. He was clad in a long overcoat of fur, and fur leggings reaching above his knees. The little Mayflower (who was in the room) considered him attentively as he sat talking, went softly up to him, looked in his face, and said, "Man?" then putting her hand gently on his fur-covered knee, said, "Beast?"

Two points in her training are worth recording here. Her mother, recalling the miseries suffered in her own childhood from the foolish stories of a nurse, resolved, as soon as Mayflower could toddle about, to teach her to be fearless in the dark. So, every evening when it grew dusk, she was wont to put her finger into the child's tiny hand, and say, "Come, let us go up-stairs for my work," or some such thing; and away the two would go up-stairs, through the darkening rooms, chatting merrily all the time. The happy consequence was, that she was never afraid in the dark.

The other point is connected with that well-known fountain of tears, the alphabet. She learned

A B C as a *game*, and without the slightest trouble, at the age of two years. Having received a box from her grandmother containing a set of gorgeously coloured letters, she began her play, and learned A B C D in the first hour. Thus she played on until she knew them all, and in a very short time she could read.

One night, Mayflower's father being absent, she slept with her mother. It was autumn, when, in Canada, sudden and violent storms of wind often arise. In the middle of the night a gust of wind rushed furiously over the roof of the wooden tenement and awoke the sleepers. Thinking her little one might be alarmed, her mother said, "Don't be frightened, darling, it is God's wind."

"And He won't let it blow *too* strong?"

"No," replied the mother; and Mayflower, secure in her faith in God's loving care, nestled round and calmly went to sleep again, regardless of the roaring storm.

Happy little child! she had grasped the right security—*God's love*. And why should not *all* do

so? for "God is love," and "He changeth not." Then should a storm of adversity come, let us say (and feel), "It is dreadful, but 'the Lord reigneth,' therefore I will not fear it, for He will not let it be 'too strong.' He who feedeth the ravens will also feed me." Should the cup of bereavement come, while we feel it is bitter—*so* bitter!—let us also say, "But my Father mingled it, and He will not make it *too* bitter." In *every* trial, of what kind soever, let us feel in our hearts, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good." May we not learn a lesson from Mayflower, and trust God's love?

Some time after this, being taken to visit some relations near Montreal, all of whom were very fond of the loving child, she one morning, at her breakfast of porridge, asked for her little jug of milk. Her mother, handing it to her, said, "*Cream*, there's cream in the jug."

"There is better," cried Mayflower, "there is love in it! cousin Kate's love."

There was an inherent trustworthiness and loveableness in Mayflower which had a very attractive

power. Animals all loved her; children felt its influence, and instinctively sidled up to her. A lady who knew her personally, writing to her mother, says, "Tell your darling—*everybody's* darling!" And another lady, an old friend of the family, but who had never seen her, was so captivated by the traits of character she heard of her from time to time, that she named her *Miss Loveable*. How truly named, her brief life proved.

Her favourite text from the first was, "God is love." The Indians loved her not less than the white people. Often has her mother, in their rambles by the Ottawa, stopped to ask an Indian squaw about her baby, and on saying, "What is its name?" the squaw, with a pleased look at the dusky, sleeping face, has raised her dark eyes, and lovingly whispered "Isobel," Mayflower's real name.

Many an Indian girl in the Ottawa country bears that name now; and a path in the forest is called by it.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY YEARS.

A bright household sunbeam ! a walk that's a dance,
Speech that is song, childlike faith in each glance ;
Few tears, many smiles, learning lessons of love
From the trees, birds, and flowers, of the good God above."
From A SKETCH.

RAMBLING in the woods with her mother as soon as she could walk, was, in summer, a frequent source of enjoyment to this bud of the wilderness. On such expeditions Indians were often met with. On one occasion a little Indian child darted out from among the pine-trees with a bunch of wild flowers in her dusky hand, which she eagerly thrust into the white one of Mayflower. A squaw was seated by the path-side busy making some of those elegant birch-bark roggans, or baskets, which are used by the Indians for various purposes. As the two passed her she looked up with a smile and held

out a roggan full of maple sugar for acceptance, perhaps in gratitude for drinks of milk, and slices of bread and *butter*, that much-prized delicacy with the Indian, which she was always sure of in the hospitable kitchen of the "Big Otter." Mayflower's father had been thus named by the Indians of the Ottawa as a mark of their regard.

Another of the little girl's great enjoyments at this period was the arrival of the "north canoes."

At certain periods of the year these light, orange-coloured barks touched at Fort William, on their way from Lachine, near Montreal, to the remote interior posts of the fur-traders, and also on their return from those regions of the far north. The appearance of these north canoes is bright, and their action inspiriting. Each is driven by eight or ten men, with paddles so short and light that the stroke has to be both quick and forcible. This necessitates brisk, lively time in the songs with which the paddling is accompanied, and as the men make a point of arriving at all establishments with dashing action and music, and their costume in-

cludes blue capotes, scarlet belts, and red caps, with other gay appendages, it can easily be conceived that they create a sensation wherever they appear. As many of the outposts in the wilderness where they touch have their profound solitude thus broken in upon only twice in the year, the enlivening sensation is intensified by rarity.

It is not a matter of wonder, then, that Mayflower's baby ears were on the *qui vive* each autumn as the time approached for the appearing of the fleet, and that her heart leaped with unwonted fervour when she caught the wild song in the distance, and flew down to the river's edge to see them land.

Another of her childhood's amusements was fishing from the wharf that ran into the river in front of the fort. One day, after fishing for a long time without success, she came running up the garden exclaiming, "Mamma! mamma! I tried ever so long and got nothing, and at last I asked God to let me catch three fish—and look! He *did* let me catch three fish, and here they are!" and she held out her hand with three tiny minnows in it.

With reverence we would say that it does seem as if the Lord had granted literally her prayer, in order to confirm her strong and simple faith.

And her strong, childlike faith in prayer was always the same, even to the end.

Being on a visit once, not long after the above incident, she said to her mother, who was putting her to bed, "I always say God bless papa and mamma the last thing at night, and that text, 'The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another,' and if anybody speaks to me after, I say it again." On her mother replying, "And I pray to God every night to bless you," she said, "Will you do it about ten minutes after seven, and *then we will be praying together.*"

In Scotland, fourteen years afterwards, in the terrible beginning of her fatal illness, the childlike faith was strong as ever. She said one morning to her mother, "Last night I asked God to let me go soon to sleep, and that I might not be troubled with the cough in the morning. Well, I fell asleep *very* soon, and this morning the phlegm came up at once,

without troubling me at all!" She not only had faith in prayer, but delighted in giving glory to the Hearer of prayer by noticing His answers.

Her love for the beautiful was very strong, in nature and also in character. When quite a child she was visiting with her parents at the Hudson's Bay House, Lachine. Sitting beside her mother one evening, she heard her father remark to a gentleman in the room, "The Hon. Mr. . . . is coming to-morrow." Mayflower looked quickly up in her mother's face, her own actually beaming with delight as she whispered, "Oh, mamma! isn't that a delightful name? The honourable!" The innocent child, in her simple-mindedness, had given the Bible meaning, not man's, to the title.

In her own conduct her sense of honour was delicate and conscientious. A morning or two after the above, while running about with her little sleigh in a field near the house, she found a pretty bit of fur (evidently off a boa), and came with it to her mother, who said, "Keep it, it will make something for your doll."

"No, mamma," she replied, "I don't like to steal; I will put it in the place where I found it, and if the people who lost it come, they will find it; they could not find it in our house!" and she ran gaily off and laid it on the snow where she had found it.

When attending a grammar class in Scotland for young ladies, ten years after, she showed the same delicate sense of strict integrity. It was the rule of the class that no one might answer twice; if wrong at first, the question was passed on to the next girl. One day the teacher asked the girl above Mayflower a question in grammar, which she answered correctly, all but one clause. "Wrong! next girl," said he; but the girl called out the forgotten clause. "Hush!" said the master; "you know the rule, No one to answer twice. Next girl," pointing to Mayflower, who gave the answer correctly.

"Go up," said he.

"No, sir," instantly replied Mayflower, "I had forgotten *that* bit till she called it out, and then I remembered it; but I *had* forgotten it, so I don't think it would be right to go up."

"Well," exclaimed the master, looking at her in admiration, "I like an honest girl! if I could I would put you at the top of the class for your conscientiousness."

"And," adds the friend who told this anecdote, "was it not like *her*? and one to whom *going up* would have been so delightful! but *right* and *honour* were dearer to her than fame or ambition."

TRUTH was another of her very marked characteristics, and was noted by all. Her parents can not recollect an instance of her varying from the exact truth, or attempting in any way to deceive. She was open as the day.

Her loving desire to please and obey her parents in all things was great. One winter's day in her Ottawa home, she wanted very much to go out before breakfast, but her mother said it was too early, that she had better sew a little first, and go out afterwards.

She went away, and in a short time came into the room again with her work in her hand, saying, "Mamma, I wanted very much to go out, but I read

in my morning's lesson, that if we want to be Jesus' we must deny ourselves ; so I am going to stay in and sew, as you want me to do."

She honoured her parents by obeying them not only in the letter, but in the spirit also : not contenting herself with doing what they *told* her to do, but doing, or refraining from doing, according as she thought they would *wish*.

When about thirteen—they were then in Scotland—she was on a visit of a few days to a relative near. In writing her little daily news to her mother, she says, "I saw a novel on the table and wanted very much to read it, but I know you do not like me to read novels, so I did not touch it ; wasn't I good ?"

Here was obedience ; and as she was extremely fond of reading, the temptation resisted was great.

And it was the same all through her life. One evening after her departure from earth, her parents sat together. After a long silence her father said, "I have been trying all this time to remember one instance in which she vexed or disobeyed us, and

I cannot remember one." "No," replied her mother, "not once did she disobey us; and even to the very last her obedience was the same. One morning in Davos, not many days before she left us, she was awake very early, and—you know how she liked the fresh air even in the coldest weather—she said to me, 'Má-ma' (accenting the first syllable in a fond way she had), 'will you open the window-pane in the little room?' but I said, 'Do you not think it is too early? it is hardly five o'clock; I am afraid to open it yet.' With infinite sweetness she replied, 'Very well, if you think so;' giving up her own wish on the instant."

Well indeed did Mayflower keep "the first commandment with promise;" and if her days were not long on this earth, doubtless it was that she might the sooner "see the King in His beauty," in the land which the Lord her God giveth her.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY YEARS—REMOVAL FROM OTTAWA.

. . . Snatches of song came to us from the rooms, from the passages, from the stairs, from anywhere that Birdie happened to be ; gay trills and roulades, and sometimes a note so clear, and high, and wonderful, that we held our breath to listen.—BIRDIE.

WHEN Mayflower was four and a half years old, a great joy came into her life, the companionship of a little cousin exactly one year older than herself, who, with her parents, was passing down the Ottawa, and stopped to pay them a visit. Intense was the delight of the loving, sociable, and hitherto solitary child, to have a companion of her own age ! Lisa, as Mayflower called her, was a dear, sweet child, and between the two there sprang up a love which went on increasing through life, and doubtless will do so through eternity. They played together, chatted, made houses in the sand together, knelt

and went to bed together, fell asleep in each other's arms, awoke simultaneously and kissed each other in the morning; in short, the two little girls were so perfectly happy together, that the two fathers agreed that, as the one brother had seven children and the other but one, Lisa should be left with Mayflower for an indefinite period. Mayflower afterwards chronicled *the* event of her childhood in a tale which she entitled, *The Little Moonbeam*. It began thus:—

“Once, in a certain place I need not name, a little Moonbeam dwelt in a nice house, and truly she was like a little moonbeam! All who went near her felt her gentle power. She came to soften her cousin, little Sunbeam, who sang and danced from morning till night, while Moonbeam sat and did her sums.”

Mayflower proved herself a correct judge of character in this opening sentence of her tale. “Moonbeam’s” influence on those around her was pre-eminently a *softening* one, for she was unselfishly amiable; and her quiet, sedate, conscientious attention to duty in the midst of her playmate’s joyous

bursts of song and fancy, is well expressed in the statement that she "sat and did her sums."

Mayflower was also true to life when she described herself as "singing and dancing from morning till night," for she was full of fun, sprightliness, and buoyancy, and she possessed a lovely voice, which she delighted to use. As soon as she was dressed in the morning she usually came dancing down-stairs, ringing out in her clear, joyous tones, "The Campbells are coming, yo ho! yo ho!" At lessons, with the suddenness of a bird, she would burst into song, astonishing her more sedate cousin, and drawing down on herself the smiling rebuke of her amused governess. At playtime she would fly through the woods, or along the shore, carolling "Loud sang the Indian girl, dark-eyed Juanita!" or if she heard the stroke of a paddle, breaking into a gay canoe-song. In the evening she would suddenly startle her father from his newspaper by bounding on his knee, and, winding an arm round his neck, her sweet face smiling in his, would sing his favourite ballad, "My father's only daughter."

Under all this life, however, this *gaieté de cœur*, there was a depth of seriousness, of love, of truth, and enthusiasm, that made her the most devoted of daughters, the staunchest of friends, the most energetic of sympathisers. Whatever she did, or felt, *was with all her heart.*

Now she had a companion! and most happily the days of childhood flew by. Their occupations, like their enjoyments, were simple. In the morning, Bible and prayer, then lessons suited to their capacities. After dinner, long rambles. In the summer and autumn, romantic strolls through the forest, where they filled their baskets with the magnificently-tinted leaves for which Canadian woods are celebrated, "for mamma to press;" or, with "papa" they visited the shanties of the Scotch and Irish settlers, all of whom looked to the Chief of Fort William, *alias* "The Big Otter," as a friend and adviser. Sometimes they sailed to one of the islands near to gather blueberries, with which fruit the ground was thickly covered.

In winter, sleigh-drives, or snow-hut making

filled up the afternoons, varied occasionally with "tobogganing," an amusement which consists in sliding down snow-hills or slopes on an Indian sledge. As the slopes chosen for the exercise might vary from a gentle incline to steeps of the most break-neck character, it may easily be conceived that there was ample scope for gratifying the enterprising spirit of Mayflower, and the quieter soul of Moonbeam.

Among the dogs at Fort William was a large and very fine old otter-hound, a great favourite, which usually accompanied the little cousins in their various expeditions, although her temperament was grave, and her deportment dignified, as became her years. *Echo*, as she was named, was never in a hurry, never discomposed, even by Mayflower's escapades, until one memorable day. The little girls were tobogganning, and called mamma to come and see the splendid slope they had made. So, donning her wraps, out she went, and, joined by *Echo*, stood looking. Down the slope rushed the toboggan, Lisa's arm round Mayflower, her gentle face smiling from under her hood, Mayflower laughing

and singing as they flew past, and quick as a flash landed safely at the bottom.

"Don't go, mamma! stay for one more," panted Mayflower as she and Lisa drew the toboggan up the snow-hill. The top gained, down again they slid; but just as the toboggan left the top on its downward course, Echo quietly, and with her usual grave sedateness, stepped exactly on the middle of the slide. Not, however, with her usual sedateness did she leave it! Down rushed the toboggan full upon her, hitting her a thump which made her spring off the slope with the agility of a puppy, to the amusement of the one cousin and the ecstatic delight of the other.

Mayflower was very observant. One evening she brought her mother an attempt at a sketch of herself and her little cousin running to meet her while out walking.

"It is very good," said her mother; "but why do you make me with my arms wide out?"

"Because your arms always *are* wide out when you see me!" replied Mayflower.

Poor mother! her arms are empty now, and her heart full; but she is happy, thinking of her child's happiness with her Saviour, "which is far better."

They presented a somewhat odd appearance at times, that family-group on the far-distant Ottawa, as they sallied forth for their ramble in the tall pine forest, the father with his gun, the mother with her sketch-book, the two little ones bounding gaily along, and the whole followed by fine dogs of various sorts and sizes, and—a sheep! Originally there were four sheep, but by degrees three of these became *mutton*, and the last of them, feeling lonely, had made friends with the dogs. It now regularly joined the party in their walks, running with otter-hound and terrier, or trotting beside the little girls, equally at home with all.

In one of these rambles they found a wretched Indian dog, nearly starved, and evidently left by its owners to die, probably because they could not afford to keep it when they went off on their "hunt." This miserable object was tenderly taken home by the two cousins, fed, and nursed, and looked after, day

by day, until at last the creature got well, and by its attachment rewarded them for their care. This foundling, and another little dog named "Waspity," always followed them in their walks. At nights, before going to bed, they used to place Waspity on the sofa, stretch out one of his fore-legs and lay their dolls (undressed for the night) upon it, then gently draw his other fore-leg over them, and, covering him and them with a doll's quilt, said, "Good-night! take care of them till the morning."

It is not known how long Waspity might have acted the part of nurse, for, when the two children had gone up-stairs to bed, the mother used to lift away the dolls and set him at liberty, before following the little girls to "tuck them in with a text;" that is to say, she repeated a text to them, and then they each said one to her. This nightly habit was continued as long as they were together.

Christmas was always a happy and a busy time, preparing gifts for two Christmas trees, one of which was for their own household, the other as a

treat for the children of the neighbouring settlers. The cousins took special delight in loading the settlers' tree with presents of their own workmanship. When laden, it was placed with great glee in the settlers' schoolroom on Christmas eve, and unladen, with equal glee, by the school children on Christmas day.

One Christmas morning her father gave Mayflower two dollars to do with as she pleased. She showed them to her mother, who, after some talk about various things, said, "Would you like to send this money to Montreal for food, or firewood, for some poor children, in this bitterly cold weather?" "O yes, mamma, *do* send it!" she replied eagerly.

The two dollars were accordingly enclosed in an envelope "From a little girl, for some poor children," and sent to the editor of the *Montreal Witness*. A fortnight afterwards a note appeared in that newspaper to the effect that the money had been received, and given to a poor family of four sick children, whose mother fairly cried with joy at being thus

enabled to procure fuel and other necessities for her little ones. The note ended with a wish that "the little girl" might enjoy the blessing promised in Psalm xli. 3.

The wish was granted, for in after years the Hearer and Answerer of Prayer *did*, in His loving-kindness, "make all her bed in her sickness."

In the very heart of Mayflower's joyousness and airy fun there lay a fount of calm, heavenward thought, which gleamed out frequently. One day she said, "Mamma, Canada is my home just now, but Scotland is my *real* home, and Heaven is my *best* home." Another day (she was then six years old), after having sat for some time quiet on the sofa, near which her mother was writing, she said, "I have four texts, one for the morning, one for the middle of the day, one for the evening, and one for when I go to bed; may I say them to you?"

"Do, my love."

"My morning one," said she, "is, 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;' and my middle-of-the-day one is, 'Come unto me, all ye that

labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest;’ and my evening one is, ‘Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out;’ and my one for when I go to bed is, ‘God is love.’”

“Very good and appropriate I think they are,” said her mother; “for when you say in the morning, ‘Jesus Christ came to save sinners,’ you may think, ‘Well, I am a sinner, so He came to save *me*; how I should love Him for that! and how I must try to obey Him all day!’ Then, by the middle of the day you may have been naughty, perhaps, and feel sorry for it, and then that verse comes sweetly into your mind, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ In the evening, however naughty or foolish you may have been, you can still remember the promise, ‘Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out;’ and when bed-time comes, and you look back on all that has happened during the day, and how kind God has been to you in many ways, you can say with all your heart, ‘God is love!’”

“Yes, mamma,” answered Mayflower eagerly,

"that's it! When I say my morning text, and think, Jesus came to save me, I will love Him, and try to obey Him; and in the middle of the day I will say, 'Come unto me,' and I will go to Jesus and ask Him to wash me in His blood, and then I will feel like as if He was taking me in His arms, and I will say, 'I *will* do that thing mamma wants me to do,' and I *will* be good; and in the evening when I say, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out,' I will think, Jesus won't say 'Go away, I want a gooder little girl than you;' and at night when I go to bed I will remember all these things, and I will say 'God is love.'"

Surely God drew her to His Son; and Jesus *did* suffer the little child to come unto Him at this time.

Another day she said, "Mamma, I am going to load my moments with good things, and then my moments will fly up and tell God." This thought seems to have remained in her mind, as years afterwards it found expression in a little poem she wrote, and called "Moments."

She early showed a taste for writing, both in

verse and prose. Here is one of her earliest child-productions. If it does not exhibit much power of versification, it at all events shows trust in God :—

1.

A poor little hut, a half-open door,
A family lived who were very poor ;
Hardly a rag their nakedness to hide,
But this was their prayer, "The Lord will provide."

2.

A little boy crept out into a barn,
"I don't think I am doing harm,"
"O brother, dear brother !" cried a silvery voice,
"It is not ours, but the Lord will provide."

3.

A neat little cottage, a pretty green blind,
A good bit of porridge, some children inside,
The poor woman thankful, looks out at the door,
Calling the children o'er and o'er.

4.

She said, "When we were in poverty, with nothing to hide,
We called on the Lord, and He *did* provide."

Mayflower and her cousin were fortunate in having an accomplished Christian young English lady, Miss C., for their governess ; and when, after a time, she was obliged to leave them, her

place was filled by another Christian young lady, Miss D. To these admirable ladies and their influence the two little girls owed much.

Mayflower had several favourite bits of poetry she was fond of repeating, and they show the bent of her mind, which was not only poetical, but usefully practical. One of them was that inspiring verse of Longfellow—

Each morning saw some work begun,
Each evening saw its close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Had earned a night's repose.

Any day in which she had satisfactorily finished a lesson, or bit of work, on jumping into bed at night she would joyously repeat—

Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose !

putting great emphasis on the word *done*.

Another favourite was—

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
So making Life, Death, and the vast For ever,
One grand, sweet song !

This in after years she illuminated beautifully for her mother; and *she acted it out in her life*. She and her cousin found a motto in one of their child-books, "Try, *try*, TRY again!" which they adopted; and thenceforth in any difficulty, such as threading a needle, untying a hard knot, or mastering a lesson, they repeated, "Try, *try*, TRY again!" and *did* try until success crowned their efforts.

About this time Mayflower one day said to her mother, "I have got two mottoes; one is, "Never put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day;" and the other is, "Would Jesus like me to do this? or would Jesus have done this?" She then added, "If I always do as Jesus would have done, I shall obey both; for *He* never put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day."

When Mayflower was twelve years old her father determined on going home to live in the "old countrie;" so they bade farewell to their peaceful abode by the Ottawa, to the sorrowing Indians, who accompanied them with tears to the river-side, and to many attached friends; among

the most highly valued of whom were "Friend Tom" and his wife Eliza. Tom was the blacksmith of the establishment, and one of the best of men and workmen—"a man diligent in his work." He was not only thorough and faithful in every thing, but so kindly and gentle in his ways, and so obliging, that all, even the very animals, liked him. With the two little cousins he was, of course, an especial favourite; Mayflower gave him the name of "Friend Tom," and by that name he was known all over the place. He married Mayflower's nursemaid, a good-tempered, affectionate young woman, and, thenceforth, an almost daily resort of the little cousins was "Friend Tom's" house, where they ever met with a loving welcome.

The family, on leaving the Ottawa, went to Montreal, where Lisa's family met them; and there the first cloud in her hitherto sunny life passed over Mayflower—the parting from her dearly-loved little companion. It had been arranged that Lisa should remain that winter with her parents in order to become acquainted with her

brothers and sisters, none of whom she had seen since she was five years old.

She was to follow Mayflower to England in the spring. An illness, however, delayed her, and some years elapsed ere they met again.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OLD COUNTRIE.

Beautiful girlhood ! so frank and so sweet,
Maytime of life, only passing too fleet !
Short lessons, long rambles, with talks by the way,
Fanciful, blithe as the birds on the spray !

From A SKETCH.

MEANWHILE Mayflower and her parents crossed the sea, and in course of time went to reside in a country house in the Highlands of Scotland.

And there—again happy in a governess—Mayflower resumed her studies, in company with sometimes one cousin, sometimes another, who came to share her home. Her nature was very sociable, and her parents gratified it by frequently inviting her young relatives and companions. Among her studies, music was her favourite pursuit. Singing, indeed, was a passion with her, and many a

happy hour she spent in those girlish days, singing, and playing duets with sympathetic, musical friends, chief among whom were cousin Emma, and Edie P—.

At last her fondly-loved Lisa came back, and the old days—though not the old scenes—were revived. They studied together, they walked together, made fun together; and together too, in Croy Church,—after pastoral, preparatory visits to their valued minister, the Rev. Thomas Fraser,—they received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

In her quiet Highland home Mayflower grew into a lovely young girl; and while advancing into womanhood, retained all the simplicity, the single-heartedness, the sprightly love of fun, and the confiding faith of her childhood.

She retained also her love for writing little stories, and was fond of scribbling verses on any scrap of paper at hand. The following, composed when she was about fifteen or sixteen, on a well-known incident of martyrdom, was found by her mother written on the back of a letter. It is given

here, not, we need scarcely say, as a specimen of poetical composition, but as an evidence of the spirit and feeling which influenced her :—

THE MARTYR.

1.

They took her down to the river's brink,
Her mother following with the rest.
"In with the heretic! let her sink!"—
She murmured, "It is for the best."

2.

"Mother! O do not weep for me,"
And the voice was wondrously soft and clear—
"I'm going where pain can *never* be,
And, mother, my *spirit* will still be near."

3.

And the mother looked into those eyes of blue
That seemed filled with a light divine,
As she shook back those tresses of golden hue,
And murmured, "Not *my* will, Lord, but *Thine*."

4.

"Wilt thou recant?" they cried, and said,
"Even *now* thou canst be saved."
The blue eyes closed as the maiden prayed
For strength, while the water rippled and laved.

5.

The sun looked down, and what did it see?
A fair young form with hair of gold,

Tied to a stake by waist and knee,
Singing the song that's new, though so often told.

6.

The water rose, and a crested wave
Swept o'er that form, and dashed the spray.
"Mother! you know 'tis the Lord who gave,
It is also He who taketh away."

7.

The water rose till it reached the chin,
And the fair hair floated all wet with spray,
And the people shouted and made a din,
To silence the maiden and drown her lay.

8.

That was not needed, the voice was no more,
And nothing was seen but a small white hand,
And the golden hair waved to the shore
Where the multitude stood upon the land.

9.

The people returned to their homes that day,
And the widow to her lonely cot;
And she felt it strange as she knelt to pray,
And looked round on the home where her daughter was not.

10.

The moon looked down, and what did it see?
A woman sitting beside a bed;
And she sobbed as she dropped upon her knee,—
"She's dead, she's dead, my darling's dead."

11.

A smile was on those lips so pale,
And the hair lay scattered over the bed ;
And the mother's cry sank to a wail
As she murmur'd, "She's dead, my darling's dead."

12.

She cut off a curl of golden hair,
And sobbed as she felt it heavy and wet,
And she shut those eyes of heaven's own blue,
And then her warm lips and the cold ones met.

13.

"She's lost!" she cried, and her heart was sore,
As she fell upon the bed and wept.
"*Not lost, but only gone before;*"
And the mother was comforted then, and slept.

.

A change, sudden, violent, unlooked for, was now at hand. The lessons in the quiet morning-room, the rambles over field and moor, and up to the manse, the pleasant intercourse with valued country neighbours, the afternoon croquet under the trees, the fun and jokes with papa, the happy evenings when work, and reading aloud with mamma, alternated with music and song—all was about to pass away.

When she was nearly eighteen, Mayflower was seized with whooping-cough. The attack was severe in the extreme, and the attendance of her fast friend, Dr. Wilson, was required often at night as well as by day. With God's blessing on his efforts, he "pulled her through," as he expressed himself afterwards, and she recovered.

While attending her at this time, Dr. Wilson one day said to her mother, "In all my practice I have never met with so delicate an organisation as your daughter's. She is unlike any one I ever saw." The mother did not quite comprehend his meaning, and did not like to ask. Perhaps it was this "delicacy of organisation" which made her so intensely appreciative of everything lovely, and true, and good, and kind, and so sensitively shrinking from all that was the reverse. Be this as it may, she was "the work of God's hands," and to His holy influences was due all that in her was engaging.

And she was engaging! She was never known to speak ill of any one; and if the faults or foibles

of another were discussed in her presence, she either sat in pained silence, or gently suggested some palliative or excuse. And if she heard any one *unjustly* blamed, with what glowing eyes and truth-speaking lips she spoke in their defence; and yet, with a gentle delicacy characteristic of her; while defending the accused, she did not asperse the accusers. Like Chaucer's "Prioress," in her

"All was conscience and tender heart,"

and the enthusiasm of her nature was kept within right bounds by the gentleness and native refinement of her character. Her ardour was not like the lava of Etna, in its outbursts scorching and injuring those around, but, like the steady household fire, shedding warmth and cheerfulness on all within her influence. In her warmest championship of others she imitated the example of the Master whom she strove to follow, and *threw no stones*.

In the spring of the following year she went to visit an uncle in Edinburgh. One day she was

suddenly caught in a shower of rain, and a cold east wind. The cough came back with redoubled violence, and, on her parents rejoining her, it was thought advisable that she should go to a milder climate. They took her first to Bournemouth. There, in spite of every care, she became worse, and one of the highest medical authorities in London was telegraphed for. Even in these trying circumstances her inborn buoyancy did not desert her. While the physician was trying her temperature, she said sweetly, "May I ask you, doctor, what I am in the shade?"

With a look of surprise he glanced up, and meeting the bright gleam on the sweet face, he exclaimed, "You have sunshine within at any rate."

After the examination, on her expressing a strong wish to return home, the doctor said she might do so, and the sooner the better; so she was taken home, and the change, at that critical point, saved her life and prolonged it. But what a home-coming! Three months before, she had left

it full of health, strength, and all the beauty and joyous anticipations of early youth; she returned to it pale, shattered, almost breathless, and was lifted with anxious solicitude over the threshold, where so lately she had bounded with flying steps. But her sweetness, patience, and loving, childlike faith in her Heavenly Father were unchanged. As she often said in after days, "He led me by the right way."

And so He did, for it was *His* way, the strait and narrow way by which He led her into life.

Her faith in God's written word was perfect and unquestioning. One day a young friend and she were talking together of Adam and Eve. The friend said, "I don't see how the inhabitants of the world *could* have sprung from one man and woman; may it not have been written to give us the general idea of creation, without being the actual fact?"

"But I *do* believe it," said Mayflower. "It would not be in the Bible if it was not true, *word for word*. It *must* be true."

"I wish I *could* believe that everything in the Bible like that is true," rejoined the friend; "I think they are allegories."

Mayflower replied, with the pure, trusting look of a little child in her truthful eyes, "Well, *I* believe implicitly that *everything* mentioned in the Bible took place *exactly* as it is written."

When Dr. Wilson saw Mayflower on her arrival from Bournemouth, he did not think she had three weeks to live (as he told her mother a year afterwards), but every care that affection and science could provide was lavished on her; and, better still, she had the many, fervent prayers of Christian friends; and the Hearer of prayer so far answered, as at that time to grant a measure of health; and there can be no question that her own placid spirit and amiable submission tended very much to facilitate the improvement. For two years she remained in her Highland home; but was confined to the house for eight months of each year, viz., from October to June, during which time she never crossed the front door, nor breathed the outer air. Yet in all that

time, so trying to one who delighted so much in out-of-door exercise, and, though racked by a terrible cough all the while, she never murmured. Her thoughts seemed to be only for those around her. The wish not to give trouble was ever obvious, as was gratitude for the smallest relief; while her buoyant and playful spirits cheered and sustained her anxious parents.

One day, when slowly recovering from an attack so severe that Dr. Wilson had ordered perfect quiet, and had forbidden speech, she signed to her mother to give her the slate and pencil; then, with many a gleam of enjoyment sparkling in her eyes, she wrote the following:—

ODE TO MY DOCTOR.

There are many men in this world of ours,
On whom fame and fortune lavish their flowers;
But for a man of gigantic powers,
Commend me to Dr. Wilson!

When he enters a room—to the wind with fears!
My mother herself wipes off her tears;
E'en the oppression in *my* chest clears
At the footstep of Dr. Wilson!

But his visits are not unalloyed delight
When he says, "Well, perhaps, by next Saturday night,
We'll change you from this bed to that on your right"—
Inflexible Dr. Wilson!

And when one could not one's weariness hide,
And to elicit some sympathy vainly tried,
"Why, my child, turn from your back to your side,"
Says stony Dr. Wilson!

And if I am dying of hunger, says he,
"You may have some exceedingly weak beef-tea,
But don't forget your drops at three!"—
Such a rigid Dr. Wilson!

And again, if my soul revolts from a chop,
With a glare which almost causes me to drop
"Till that meat is finished here I stop!"
Says uncoaxable Dr. Wilson.

And when on my back I am lying prone,
"I knew how 'twould be," he says with a frown:
"It's shabby to hit a man when he's down,"
I remark to Dr. Wilson.

Yet in spite of these things he's a regular brick,
And but for his skill I'd have cut my stick:
Who denies it will feel my strength in a kick!
I'd do more for Dr. Wilson.

He's brought me through manifold troubles and fears,
So now I shall cease from these harmless jeers,
And still say, though I live for a thousand years,
There's no one like Dr. Wilson!

To alleviate the tedium of eight months' confinement to the house, her father got Mayflower a small printing-press, and engaged the foreman of a printing establishment in a neighbouring town to come once a week to teach her and her cousin Lisa how to use it. This, when they had learnt it, was a source of great interest and amusement.

They immediately started a little magazine, to which several literary friends contributed, and the arranging of the articles, printing them, correcting the proofs, stitching the tiny leaves of the magazine in their pink covers, and despatching them off to neighbours and contributors, gave pleasing employment to many an hour during that winter.

When strength permitted, Mayflower wrote several little contributions for her magazine,¹ the longest of which, a tale burlesquing the "sensational style," is here given ; it is entitled—

¹ Named *Caberfeigh*,—*Anglicè*, Deer's head,—in compliment to her father, whose crest it is.

R-R-R-REMORSE!

A TALE OF LOVE! MURDER!! AND DEATH!!!

BY A MEMBER OF THE "G.G. CLUB."

CHAPTER I.

'Tis night! The moon lights with her pale ray the tall figure of a man swathed in a long Spanish cloak. The stern outline of his form stands like a mass of granite against the peaceful sky. His dark expressive eye rolls from side to side in a fine frenzy: while every now and then he tugs the long waves of his moustache, muttering between his clenched teeth, "I will have his blood!"

'Tis Montalvan De Crespigné who vows vengeance, and his arm ever drives the bullet straight home, or the arrow to its resting-place in the quivering heart, with swift, unerring aim.

CHAPTER II.

The Lady Cassandra Alhambra de Montezambert sits in

her boudoir: the firelight gleams on her golden hair, and flashes in a myriad rainbow sparkles from the diamonds with which she is incrustated. In her hand she holds a miniature; but, though the affianced wife of the ruthless robber Montalvan De Crespigné, 'tis not *his* features on which she is gazing with such lovelorn intensity. No; they are those of the gallant, the noble, the intellectual De Courcy Jones, for whose sake she would fly, a beggared outcast, to distant climes!

A step is heard on the stair. The Lady Cassandra shudders, and thrusting the miniature into a jewelled escritoire, says, "I must dissemble!"

The door opens, and Montalvan De Crespigné enters. "Ha!" he exclaims, originally, at the same time scowling stealthily round the room,

"Alone, Cassandra? 'tis well! I have somewhat to say to thee, Southern Sylph" (for so she was called playfully).

"Say on, my Crespigné; but here—" filling a golden goblet with rich wine, "drink first, and confide thy views afterward."

Montalvan, entirely concurring in this sensible arrangement, raised the beaker to his lips and drained it, refilling and again draining as before, ere he leant back with a sigh, and fixing his fierce eyes on the form of his affianced, said meaningly, "'Tis a dark night, Cassandra, but not too dark for deeds that may be committed in it, not too dark but that crimson stains may be seen soaking into the teeming earth, not too dark to hide a pale—a *murdered* face from view, not . . . too . . . da— . . ."

De Crespigné would probably have continued some time longer in this inspiriting strain, but the drugged wine was taking effect; his handsome head fell forward on his breast, and the ruthless robber was asleep.

CHAPTER III.

Silently the Lady Cassandra arose and glided out of the apartment, down, down the gorgeous flights of steps, into the garden. A tall figure is pacing beneath the trees:

"De Courcy," says the Sylph, her silvery tones vibrating with deep, passionate love, "De Courcy, I am here."

"Ah!" exclaims the dauntless young man, "'tis thou, my beauteous one, my Lily, my Pearl," clasping her to his throbbing bosom.

"Oh, De Courcy, thou must fly!"

"Why?" asks he, his lofty intellect rhyming even in conversation.

"Because, my Jones," says Cassandra, a visible tremor shooting through her slight frame, "he suspects; he talked wildly to-night of murders, and deeds of darkness— Oh! if anything were to happen to *thee*, my loved one, my De Courcy!" and she fell on his breast with the wail of a broken heart,

only to be clasped tighter and kissed by the manly young Jones.

Suddenly there is a sound—a rustle heard—and turning round, the horrified pair behold—Montalvan De Crespigné! who stands at no distance from them, his massive frame quivering with passion, and his eye shooting forth an unholy glare. Uttering a piercing shriek, the maiden loosed her hold of the quaking young man, and sprang three feet in the air, calling “Fly, fly, De Courcy!” He needed no second summons, his ever ready intellect and tact teaching him that “discretion is the better part of valour,” and ere the enraged Montalvan could move, the agile Jones had lightly vaulted over the wall and disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.

Again 'tis night. The darkness descends like a pall o'er the earth, and obliterates everything. In the princely halls, the home of the Lady Cassandra Alhambra De Monte-

zambert, it is also dark, save for here and there the faint glimmer of a waxen taper. Not a sound is heard; the household is buried in repose; the golden timepiece in the Lady Cassandra's room has rung out the hour of twelve. Heavy lie the velvet curtains of her couch, but the silken coverlet is undisturbed, and the firelight fitfully gleams upon the diamonds scattered in reckless profusion o'er the floor.

A noise is heard without. A slight figure, draped in white, glides down the marble staircase, her golden hair unbound, and falling in wavy masses on the floor behind her.

'Tis the Lady Cassandra! and in her hand she holds a small Venetian dagger, whose jewelled hilt dances as the light falls upon it, and shimmers down the murderous blade. As she urges on her wild career, passing through countless corridors and doorways, the heavy, clinging hangings press her slight form,

and seem as though they beckoned her back with their waving arms. But no! she dashes them impatiently aside, and glides on, on, till the door of the great saloon is reached.

CHAPTER V.

There has been revelry there to-night. De Courcy Jones was among the number, and many were the glances of deep hate shot at him from the lowering brows of the ruthless robber. Cassandra fears for his life, hence her mysterious appearance with the dagger. Softly she enters the apartment. It is shrouded in gloom; one pale moonbeam half reveals the dim outline of a form on the sofa.

"Ha! 'tis he!" she exclaims, as she noiselessly crosses over. "Now, Montalvan De Crespigné, thine hour has come, I am avenged." She pauses for one moment, raises aloft the dagger, its long, lithe blade gleams in the air, and the next instant it is buried in the slumberer's breast! At that moment a low, mocking

sound is heard, and emerging from an ante-room, a tall taper in his hand, stands the ruthless robber Montalvan de Crespigné!

The lurid light beams on his laughing face, also on the panic-stricken Lady Cassandra, and, oh horror! upon the murdered corpse of the once brilliant De Courcy Jones!

"My dainty Southern Sylph hath saved me the slaying of yon carrion," says he, while an evil light shines in his eye. "After this, Cassandra, try to follow a piece of advice which has proved highly beneficial to myself, always look before you leap."

The unfortunate young woman had, during this speech, been gazing with the intensity of a blighted passion at the hopeless wreck on the sofa, "Oh! my De Courcy," she wailed, "have I killed thee my Love, my Life! would that I had been dust first; but though I may not look upon thee more here, may I not follow thee?" seizing in her frenzy the dagger, and turning to De

Crespigné, "Farewell, destroyer of my happiness and his; had it not been for thy fiendish arts and jealousy we might have been happy! may'st thou find all gall and wormwood! may'st thou never digest another dinner, base murderer of us both! Oh! my Jones!!" and with one despairing yell the dagger was buried up to the hilt in her fair flesh, and she fell, welter-

ing in her gore, at the ruthless robber's feet!

CHAPTER VI.

The grass grows green on the grave of Cassandra Alhambra De Montezambert, but Montalvan De Crespigné wanders restlessly over the ends of the earth, striving to stifle the gnawing of that foul fiend

R-R-R-REMOR-R-R-SE.

Here is one of her little "editorial addresses:"—

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

The Editress cannot let this festive season pass without expressing a wish that all her kind friends who have so liberally contributed to the success of *Caberfeigh* may spend a merry Christmas and a happy New-Year. To those in trouble may 1875 bring brighter days, while to the glad may it prove equal to their highest anticipations! She also ventures to hope that the small fry in the various households will be able to consume as much plum-pudding and mince pie as even they, in their wildest dreams, could wish, without having a shadow of nightmare after it. *Au revoir!*

This was her last contribution, as in the summer following Dr. Wilson thought it advisable that she should try a warmer climate. The family, therefore, left their Highland home and went to reside in Italy.

CHAPTER V.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

I sing of a village grey and old,
By mountains hid from the blasts so cold,
That seems to list to a tale that is told
By the waves, in their gay beguiling.

From SAN REMO.

IN one of her little sketches, "The Experiences of a Thrush," Mayflower thus describes the journey to the sunny south:—

"In the summer of 1875 we left Scotland, the *we* consisting of my father, mother, myself, two servants, and a thrush, known in our family circle by the peculiarly unmusical name of 'Doodles.'"

After some humorous accounts of the travelling experiences of Doodles, she continues thus:—

"We travelled straight through from Paris to Turin. We got into the train in the cold, dark

evening, pulled down the blinds of the *fauteuil-lit*, and, making a bed of railway rugs, tried to sleep. Perhaps we *did* sleep for some hours, and wakened to watch the trees sliding past in the chill, grey dawn. By and bye some sunbeams come into the carriage, and though they are but the first-born of the new day, as they gather strength we know we are nearing the land of the sun!

“Amid a bower of greenery lies Aix-les-Bains, which we reach about ten in the morning; a little soft wind is blowing the flowers’ heads about, and we throw off any wraps which may linger about us, and cry delightedly, ‘How warm it is!’ Then it is chilly again, and Modane is reached; and we say good-bye to France and to daylight for a while, for we have entered the great tunnel, the Mont Cenis.

“It is dark and cold as we enter, and the wheels grate on the line, and by the lamp-light we see the damp trickling down the walls; then a little daylight glimmers far away, and gets stronger and stronger, until with a sudden rush we are in sunshine again; and the roadside stations have soft

Italian names, and 'Bon jour' is exchanged for 'Buon giorno,' and overhead the sky is a deep, intense blue, and we are in Italy!

"We were all glad to leave the tunnel behind, and astonishment, which presently gave place to a lively satisfaction, was plainly visible in the face of Doodles as we bounded into the light. How frightened the poor bird was with the noise and darkness, and it was of no use my telling him the tunnel was the gateway to sunshine brighter than he ever knew before, and to flowers, and the long, sweet summer; he could not understand me; he could only wait.

"We have *tunnels* sometimes in our lives—do you not think so?—long, dark places filled with sadness and gloom, and God does not always tell us what they mean—we could not understand; but we *wait*, and in good time come the sunshine and the flowers!

"After loitering some time among the lakes, one day we again took the train southward, and reached our destination, a little town on the Riviera, hun-

dreds of years old, with curious grey houses with arches stretching across from one to the other, and terrace upon terrace of grey-green olives; and dotted here and there are villas, and through the trees you catch a gleam of their marble balconies.

“One of these villas was afterwards our home; and in it the most frequent sound from the outer world which greeted our ears was that made by the Mediterranean’s waves breaking on the beach. I used to sit by the window and listen to them, or on the rocks and watch them as they rushed in near me, and broke, and fell back with a swish of wet pebbles. They called to mind the boundary God set them long ago, ‘Thus far shalt thou go and no farther,’ and, impetuous as they are, they must fall back! And I looked at our sheltered little town, with its background of hills, and the sunlight lying over it, and I remembered that in almost every villa there was *one* sick; and then the sea seemed gifted with a voice, and every backward sweep of the waves told me, ‘When God sees that the suffer-

ing and weakness He has sent have done their work,
He will say ' No further ' to them too."

Mayflower arrived in San Remo in October 1875, and by November and December was able to sit out in the sunny garden among the roses, take a drive now and then, and even to walk for a short distance at a time. In February 1876 the Carnival was held, and she was well enough to enjoy its motley crowd for some hours. She describes it thus to friends at home :—

" San Remo, that lovely birthplace of flowers and restorer of health, that queen of a tiny bay sheltered by olive-terraced, violet-strewn hills, on the sides of which stand clusters of grey, weather-worn houses, constituting queer, hundred-years-old Italian villages, some of them planted near the highest peaks—San Remo, who, from her own particular hill where she has reclined for centuries, the blue sky kissing her brow and the bluer sea kissing her feet, looks with a calm, benign wonder at the little upstart modern villas dotting the hills on either side of her—San Remo the old, the quaint, the quiet, for two days in

each year is—crazy! For two days she throws off her usual placid, decorous air, the even tenor of her way is turned topsy-turvy—she becomes the veriest Bedlamite! Do not lay the blame on the fair shoulders of San Remo, it is not her fault, but—*noblesse oblige*—it is the Carnival! During the carnival San Remo becomes irresponsible, and woe to the unhappy individual who ventures into her streets unprotected

“Yesterday was the carnival, and so, as I have said, San Remo was crazy! In the morning the sun rose even more brilliantly than usual, but instead of as usual shining on the palm-edged road and long street skirting the sea, both unoccupied, save by perhaps an Italian woman with a heavy load on her head, or a mule with an equally heavy load on its back, and a couple or two of happy-looking convalescents rejoicing in the luxury of a stroll in sunshine in the month of February; instead of this, the sun shone on dozens of lively groups, some admiring the grand stand then being adorned for Prince Amadeo, some hurrying home with masks

to save their faces from the coming pelt of flour *sweeties*, some laden with bouquets, and little bunches of violets with which to help the pelting; all busy, all smiling, and all full of joyous anticipation.

“Such was the morning scene. At two o’clock our party left the hospitable villa where we had been lunching, and drove along the aforesaid palm-edged road and street towards the house where we had a window. But to reach the house was no easy matter. Every moment the crowd got denser, the flour-balls came in heavier pelts, and our masks—little frames of wire network—stood us in good stead.

“At length our window was gained, and we found ourselves opposite the grand stand, by this time filled with ladies, whose pretty faces were seen now smiling, now hastily buried in their masks as a shower of violets, or a pelt of flour assailed them. The centre division of the stand, allotted to Prince Amadeo and his suite, was as yet vacant of persons, but more than half filled with large wooden boxes piled on top of each other.

"A motley crowd passed and repassed under our window; first came a carriage trimmed with pink, filled with people all dressed in pink,—pink cloaks, pink hoods over their faces; then came a donkey with a boy and girl in fancy-dresses on its back; after them a gigantic bottle walked, or rather swaggered, at its own sweet will; next, a carriage filled with people evidently come to see, not to show themselves, masked, cloaked, and not a bit too closely, for oh, the pelting they got! Each carriage as it passed was showered on from stand and window, and woe to those who chanced to get stuck, especially if near an acquaintance, for the greater the friendship the greater the shower, each one trying to discover his own particular friend in the crowd, and have a good fling at him. Presently, while amusing ourselves with gazing, throwing flowers, and guarding ourselves, we observed two men enter the Prince's stand, each carrying an enormous bouquet above a yard in circumference, of the choicest flowers, the band struck up a merry tune, and Prince Amadeo, in his carriage, drove slowly, and amid a

volley of violets, through the flower-decked entrance, to his stand.

"In another minute he was in his place, the huge bouquets were presented, graciously accepted, and put on one side, and his part of the day's proceedings began.

"The Prince was dressed in a suit of grey, his face protected by a wire mask, a large wooden shovel in his hand. The gentleman beside him was similarly attired and armed. The first thing they did was to open two of the biggest of the aforementioned wooden boxes, and with their shovels pelt unmercifully showers of flour *sweeties* on all and sundry. While thus actively engaged more of the boxes were being opened, and from them the Prince took handfuls of bonbons, boxes of chocolate, nicknacks, etc. etc., which he and his aide-de-camp for the time being aimed at the opposite windows, and hurled on the laughing passengers beneath. One vehicle got 'stuck' just within range, and I observed that while the aide-de-camp pelted pitiless and furious showers of flour on its occupants,

Amadeo, prince-like, threw handful after handful on them of pretty bonbons.

"Then came more motley figures, then a shower of glittering balls flew from the seemingly inexhaustible boxes, then more shovels of *sweeties*, till light dresses became dark and dark ones white, all the while little posies of jonquils and bunches of violets (gathered by children the day previous on the hills), wending their fragrant way over heads, into caps, anywhere, everywhere! One bunch in particular, of violets and rosebuds, made an especially happy hit; it flew on the rigid, three-cornered hat of a policeman, who was furiously engaged in thwarting the tendency of small boys to prostrate themselves beneath the horses in their rushes after confetti. The airy grace of the fresh rosebuds nodding so jauntily over the extreme point of the policeman's hat, contrasted oddly with the warlike scowl of the face beneath them.

"Papa caused a great deal of fun and laughter by getting twenty francs changed into pennies, and every now and then dropping a handful on the

crowd beneath our window. The struggles, the shouts, the pushes, the yells, till boys and men rolled on top of each other in their eagerness! and what was specially amusing was the rosebudded policeman. He began by attempting to restore order, but at last could not refrain from putting out a hand himself, when he saw a penny roll to his very feet.

“When the showers of pennies began to grow fewer and further between, it was funny to see the boys under the window with upturned, beseeching black eyes, and olive-coloured hands stretched aloft, calling, ‘Ancora! Signore Ancora! Ancora un soldo!’

“And so the carnival went on, till about five o'clock, when the Prince and his assistant fairly turned the biggest box upside down, emptying it as a parting salute on the laughing crowd beneath, and then disappeared from the stand. The next moment the Prince drove slowly forth, the two enormous bouquets stuck in the place of lamps on either side of his carriage, and bowing, he passed,

amid a perfect flower-storm of violets, through the crowd, and down the street to his villa.

“His departure gave the signal, and each, as best he and she might, reached a carriage and drove away. Thus ended the first day of San Remo's carnival, without a single accident, as far as we saw, to man, woman, or child, though hundreds were mingled pell-mell for hours, every one, even the fierce-eyed policeman with the cocked hat and rose-buds, being in the most perfect good humour the whole day.

“But who could be otherwise than good-humoured in San Remo? Place of sunshine, flowers, and amending health! Long may her sun shine, her skies be blue, her people good-humoured, and may more efforts be made and prayers offered for her spiritual health and her turning from idols, until her inner being shall, like her lovely land, “blossom as the rose.”

While a measure of health was thus being granted to Mayflower, she made the acquaintance of a lady in San Remo, which acquaintance by degrees ripened

into a friendship, destined, doubtless, to endure through eternity, because based on and brightened by love for the one Master they both served, Jesus Christ.

From Mayflower's birth her mother's prayer had been that her friends and associates should be God's people; and well did the Hearer of prayer grant an answer by giving her, among other valued Christian friends in San Remo, the companionship and affection of her beloved E. C.

Mayflower's love for this lady was strong, ardent, and constant to the last day of her life. In her private diary, in which she noted, when able, anything that interested her, there are many loving allusions to E. C. Here is one:—

"March 17.—I went to see dear E. C., and we sat in the garden and had a nice long chat together. She was so loving and kind! I told her how fond I am of her, and how much good she has done me, for though sometimes I want with an exceeding longing to be strong, yet as a rule I feel more restful, and ready to take what God will send, either

weakness or strength. It is partly her example and the things she has said that has made me feel so; and I thank God, who gives me so *many* good things, for giving me such a friend.

“I went home about five o'clock and found darling mother waiting for me, and welcoming me back as if I had been away for years!”

On their arrival in San Remo in the autumn of 1875, Mayflower and her family had gone to a hotel, and there they spent their first winter; but thinking the quiet of a private dwelling would be better for her than a hotel however comfortable, they, ere leaving for the summer, engaged a charming villa, with a terraced garden filled with roses, heliotropes, etc., and shaded by olive and fig trees, and in it they took up their abode on their return the following autumn. Here they were joined by a young companion from Scotland, Mary S., who passed the winter with them. When they had been a little time in this villa, Mayflower said one day to her mother, “How much is done for me! I should like very much to do something for others; if you

and papa do not object, I should like to provide materials, and invite all our young lady friends to come to us once a week, with their thimbles in their pockets, and cut out and sew things for poor children. And to make it amusing for them, after a good hour's work in the garden or dining-room, we might go to the drawing-room for another hour and have 'afternoon tea' and music."

This idea was carried out as soon as possible, and during that season a number of young ladies, and sometimes also their mothers, came once a week to the villa, frequently bringing not only their thimbles but materials for work; and many a happy, useful hour was spent by the merry group, often in the garden, amid the olives, oranges, and Italian-like profusion of flowers, May-flower among them in her arm-chair, plying her needle with all her little strength, and afterwards all adjourning to the house for tea and song.

There is no Presbyterian place of worship in San Remo. The Scotch ministers sent out yearly, held worship in a room hired for the purpose in the

old town. This room being difficult of access for invalids, and rather comfortless, Mayflower's father offered the use of his dining and drawing-rooms; and there, while the family remained in Italy, worship was held every Sabbath morning, sometimes more than sixty of a congregation being present. Mayflower preferred the English form: but as she went to church *to worship God*, and delighted in listening to His servants, of whichever denomination, she thankfully availed herself, when able, of this "church in the house;" and little comments in her private diary on what she heard, with notes of such bits of the sermons as particularly struck her, prove, in spite of her poor shattered frame, how strong and healthy was her spiritual life.

One of the clergymen who occasionally officiated, thus writes, some years afterwards, of these Sabbath-gatherings:—

"What a separation into higher and lower chambers (though still in the same house of God) of those that met for worship in your villa at San

Remo three years since, when, through your kindness, we assembled Sunday after Sunday, with the church that was in your house; and on her couch, in that corner shaded from the window-lights, rested, when she was able for it, one *who also sat at Jesus' feet and heard His words*. And like the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden was the rustling of the breeze, scarcely heard, among the leafy trees in the gorgeous sunshine outside, and *the still small voice within*. For, did He not come in into the midst of us and bless us, and breathe on us, and show us His hands and His side, and tell us how 'through suffering' He had passed, and how in like manner we must pass, to glory?—'times of refreshing' from the presence of the Lord, that have passed away! And funerals have passed along with them, and after them, carrying one after another of the group of worshippers that then was, into the darkness which is the gate of light, and the grave which is the gate of resurrection!"

CHAPTER VI.

DIARY IN SAN REMO.

'Tis always pleasant, this land so gay !
From the hour when to crimson flashes the grey,
And morn comes up from the far away,
So eager her course to run ;
Till evening shadows lengthen apace,
And with pomp of clouds to his resting-place
Goes the sun ! while over sweet nature's face
Steals the hush of a day that is done.

From SAN REMO.

IN 1877 Mayflower began to keep a little private diary : it commences thus :—

“SAN REMO, *January 1, 1877.*

“New Year's Day! The sun rose like a great red ball and warmed my back cosily while I washed, which I take for an omen that pleasant influences are to rest upon me during 1877!

“We do not look out on snow this first of January, nor listen to the blustering of rude Boreas ; the

windows have been open most of the day ; the roses are bursting into bloom all over the garden ; the sky is purely blue, and it is the Mediterranean that shines and dances down there through the olive trees.

“ I am going to write this journal to remind me of the days I spend abroad, of the friends I have met, and the places I have seen. Doubtless it will be egotistical ; but as no one will see it but myself, and as one's-self is usually rather an interesting topic *to* one's-self, and as I can't possibly keep myself out of a record of my own life, I shall be as much so as I choose.

“ I rose this morning at half-past eight, and as it is the first time for some months I have risen for breakfast, I created quite a small excitement when I appeared. It is pleasant to be so greeted. God has given me a happy home, for which I thank Him. . . . After breakfast, pretty gifts arrived from kind friends, with New Year good wishes. . . . In the afternoon I went to E. C.'s to see her Christmas tree. About fifty guests arrived, thirty of whom were children, and didn't they enjoy themselves,

and laugh, and scamper, and eat their cakes when tea was ready! The tree was lighted at six o'clock, and was a great success, only that *Santa Claus'* beard went on fire as he dispersed presents, and he had ignominiously to pluck it off.

"Almost every one got something; my share was a lot of bonbons, and a very pretty pen and pencil in one, with which I am writing at this moment. Mother and I left at half-past six, as Dr. Daubeny did not wish me to stay longer, and I went to bed soon after dinner, having spent a very pleasant day. I am stronger than I was last year, and by and bye I hope to be well, and to reward papa and mamma for all they have done for my sake.

"O Lord, wilt Thou keep us all during this coming year; give us help to do and to suffer Thy will; bless all my dear friends, so many of whom are far away. Grant that by and bye we may meet where there is no parting, and where the inhabitant no more says 'I am sick.' For Jesus' sake. Amen.

"*January 4.*—Had a long chat with B. about *Election*. I do not see the use of worrying about

whether God has elected us to eternal life. We know the most needful thing,—‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved.’ So that if we *do* believe, why, we are elected, and have been since the beginning of time!

“*January 7, Sabbath Day.*—Our rooms were very full indeed; Rev. Mr. Millar preached; his text was Col. ii. 14: ‘Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross.’ He told us about the writing that appeared to Belshazzar on the wall. He said that once also we had a handwriting against us, but that God nailed it to Christ’s cross, putting it ‘out of the way.’ Adam sinned, and we with him. God had made a law, and we broke it; but Jesus came, keeping God’s law in His heart. He lived a sinless life; He bore the punishment of *our* iniquities; and when we come to God through Him, God sees us washed white in His precious blood.

“How much less sin there would be in the

world if we remembered that Jesus is always near us, and sees us, and is grieved, that although we know the blessed story of His life and death, we still harden our hearts. Lord, teach *me* to remember.

“After lunch E. C. came, and we had a walk together on the Promenade. I do *love* a talk with her, she is so good, and does me so much good; and though she has known so much sorrow, yet her dear face looked so bright. She said to-day that although we may sometimes wish things to turn out differently, we must remember we have *our own* places to fill, and no one else can fill them for us! but God has the *placing*, and we the *filling*, and that whatever we have to do (or bear), we should do it heartily, as to the Lord.

“I have so little to bear now in comparison to what I once had.” [In reality the dear child had a great deal more to bear than in former years, but there was the *willing* heart now, to bear all cheerfully for Jesus’ sake.] “God is very good to me; I think He is giving me back my strength; I feel so *much* better. After dinner we had our usual

little Sunday evening reading with mamma and the servants, the subject to-night being Prayer.

"*January 8.*—Cough rather troublesome because of the damp. . . . This was our sewing-meeting day. We got through a good deal of work.

"I have made a resolution to finish all the work I have on hand! I think, or rather am sure, that one of my faults is want of perseverance. I begin a thing, tire of it, and leave it—this has been fostered by ill health. Now, however, I am stronger, and I mean to work hard. I sat at a tea-cosy I am embroidering in crewels with praiseworthy persistence all this morning!"

[And she *did* finish the cosy, and most beautifully, despite weariness, illness, and bodily weakness.]

"*January 14.*—A lovely day! I particularly like a fine Sunday. We had the Communion to-day, and Rev. Dr. Robertson gave a short and very fine address after his brother's sermon. It seemed to come *home* to one. He spoke of our celebrating Christ's death. He drew a picture of our Lord riding through the heavens followed by hosts of

angels, on His chariot wheels written in flaming letters, '*King of kings*,' surrounded by power and might; then he brought before us His *death*, His humbling death on the cross, and all for us. And then he said, 'To each one in this room, bowed down with a sense of sinfulness, of having crucified Jesus, Jesus Himself stands before him or her saying, "Fear not; this do in remembrance of me."' "

"I also liked very much what he said about faith. He says it does not deny its guilt,—it admits it *all*, and yet proves that God is just to forgive. Like the woman to whom our Saviour said, 'Bread should not be cast to dogs,' and who answered, 'Truth, Lord, *yet* the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table,' he said that all faith's arguments were contained in that *yet*.

"We had our little evening meeting with mamma and the servants after dinner; the subject was the blessing that follows prayer,—I mean *real* prayer, not the simple repeating of a number of words. It was very nice, and the servants found such good examples from the Bible."

On the 16th January her father and mother went to Nice for a few days to see her uncle, and she and Mary went to Villa Teresa, E. C. having kindly invited them to visit her during their absence. Next morning Mayflower wrote as follows to her mother:—

“ VILLA TERESA, *Wednesday*, 8½ A.M.

“ MY DARLING LITTLE MOTHER,—It does seem so odd to write to you instead of looking round at the other bed and saying, ‘ Good morning, Miggs !’ I hope you and Popsy are now comfortably settled at the *Hôtel de France*. If you are half as jolly as your ‘ beloved Life’ and her friend, you will *do* !

“ I am VERY well indeed this morning. Capital night; cough not troublesome; no discolouration. These abrupt sentences remind me of Mr. Jingle.

“ After saying good-bye to you yesterday, we had a drive. In the afternoon a Mrs. H. called,—such a lively, pleasant person, and sister of the lady who wrote the ‘ Old, Old Story.’

“ Give my love to the *Bobites* and to Katie C. Mary sends you her best love, and wishes me to tell

you that I made a very good dinner yesterday! Such is the sordid nature of her message.

"During a long and chequered existence I have frequently written with bad pens, but the utter incapacity of the one I at present hold between my fingers beats conception. To look at the writing one would think I was ninety, and paralytic.

"You must kiss Jeremiah" (one of her names for her father) "on each of his prominent features for me. I hope he will make no *Lamentations* about it; in case you do not see it, I may as well tell you that is meant for a pun.

"Good-bye, my sweetest motherly; your loving
and well taken-care-of CHILD."

"VILLA TERESA, Thursday.

"Good morning, my darling motherly. I feel as if you should come into the room just now as you always do, saying '*Trrreasure!*'

"My cough is *much* better. Dr. F. from Paris is to give an address here this morning, and E. C. has sent notices to the different hotels.

"Dr. Daubeney has not paid me a visit yet; perhaps he thinks no one is ever ill with E. C. ! She is *so* kind to me, mamma. I can never love her enough. . . ."

"VILLA TERESA, *Friday morning.*

"MY DARLING LITTLE MOTHER,—I was *so* pleased yesterday to receive your letter. How are you and Popsy this morning? I am *exceedingly* well. Dr. Daubeney came to see me, and gave a most flourishing report.

"We had a very nice address yesterday from Dr. F. He spoke first of the signs of the times, and his opinion is that we are nearing the 'latter days.' Then he told us about the work in Paris.

"The post has just come and brought me your two letters. I like them to come when I am writing to you ! We seem so near then, and as if we were thinking of each other at the same moment. Darling little mother !

"I am *very* grieved to hear of the baby's death—poor Mary ! but cousin Fanny is right; they will know by and bye *why* God willed it so.

"The post is going. I was so busy reading your letters there is hardly time for more, but the 'old story' that your ears and Pop's never tire hearing that I am well and happy.

"YOUR OWN."

These extracts from her daily letters to her mother are given as illustrating her pleasantries. She had many pet names for her parents, such as Popsy, Pop, Jeremiah, etc., for her father, and Miggs, Moppet, Mothery, for her mother.

Diary continued—

"*January 21.*—Rev. Mr. Robertson preached to-day. One thing he said I liked much, 'That some passages in the Bible are written in invisible ink and need to be held to the fire of affliction before they show.' It is quite true. He also said, If we want to know God's feelings towards us, we must *look at Jesus*,—'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.' God is not an abstraction afar off, but a loving, present, sympathising Saviour."

"*January 28.*—Lovely day, so warm and bright.

Rev. Dr. Robertson preached this morning; I thought he gave a fine sermon. He read Rom. v. 10-21, and showed how far the reward exceeded our punishment; that because *one* sinned, all fell, 'even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life;' 'Where sin abounded, grace did *much more* abound.' I especially liked one thing he said, 'That Christ never leads us through a darker room than He has been through before.' He then read in Rev. iv. 3, and spoke about God's love for *beauty*, and how it has evidently been meant that *we* also should enjoy all that is lovely in nature and in art. I like that doctrine! I have such a fondness for all that is dainty and beautiful in scenery, houses, dress, and faces. There was, he told us, a '*Beautiful gate* to the Temple, as well as others, which shows that in walking heavenward we may make our own and others' lives as pleasant and fair to see as is possible.'"

Mayflower herself was very pleasant to look upon. A friend writing of her thus glances at her personal appearance—"How beautiful she was!

The first time I saw her, in her refined and tender youthful beauty, so delicately moulded, she seemed to me to be less of the earth than of that rare ideal spiritual type that one remembers to have seen in dreams, and that return upon one when looking on some Madonna of Angelico, or sculptured saint lying in white marble, slumbering on a tomb."

Diary continued—

"After lunch I went to see E. C. She is better, but still looked tired. O how I *wish* she would get well and strong! The authoress of *My Little Lady* was sitting with her.

"In the evening we had our usual Bible reading with the servants. The subject was Thanksgiving; how our Lord likes us to show a grateful spirit!

"*January 29.*—Our working party was this afternoon, and instead of having it in the house, we adjourned to the garden, with chairs and a table. The sun was shining brilliantly, my birds were singing tremendously, and altogether we had great fun. Dr. Daubeny called. He did not know we

had any one, and was quite astonished to see such a bevy of young ladies.

"I have been very well all day, and am so pleased to be able to walk up-stairs, it feels so independent. Next week, if all's well, I am to take the housekeeping, a thing I have never yet tried (from illness), but I hope to astonish them by my brilliant success. I shall make them, like the readers of Sam Weller's love-letter, 'wish there was more.' On considering that last sentence I find it sounds uncommonly like *starving* them!

"*February* 2.—Our next-door neighbour and friend, Mr. G., is very ill; Jessie R. is also very poorly. One seems so *near* death in a place like this, and nothing can keep him away—not all the sunshine, nor brightness, nor loving care of friends.

"*February* 3.—Papa went to see the G. family; their father died last night. It is a blessed change for *him*, for he was ready to go, and had a suffering life here, but it will be a terrible blank to his poor family.

"*February* 4.—Dr. Robertson preached to us.

His text was in Phil. i. 21, 'To live is Christ, to die is gain.' He said that everything we do should be done for Christ; that we should remember He always sees us, and that if we live rightly we need not fear death, that for us it will be gain. That there are a good many lives mentioned in the Bible, but few deaths; he thinks it is that we may not trust to any *person's* death, nor try to copy it. There is one death fully told, that of Christ, who has left us an example that we should follow His steps. I like what he said about the difference between *commandment* and *example*. Commandment says, Do as I order you. Example says, "Follow my steps;" and Jesus has left us an example.

"*February 5.*—Dr. Daubeney gave a good report of me. My housekeeping has, so far, been a success. My lunch and dinner were both pronounced good, which is satisfactory.

"*February 7.*—Papa and mamma went to Mr. G.'s funeral. The two poor girls were there, so sweet and composed. Jessie R. is very poorly. My cough has been rather troublesome this morning, but I

must expect it sometimes, it can't be always May! I often wonder why it is that God has chosen me, out of so many others, to get better, and at one time I was as 'near home' as I well could be. He has some work for me to do, I suppose, and He will show it to me in His own good time, when I shall, I hope, try to do it 'heartily, as to the Lord.' Meanwhile I ask Him to help me to fill my round of little daily duties rightfully."

Herein is discovered the secret of Mayflower's strength; how in the weakness and languor of illness she *did* so many things, and so well; how she was always patient, sweet, and with

A mind at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise

in the sorrows and joys of others, and how she bore her sufferings not only bravely but cheerfully—*she asked the Lord to help her.*

How invariably the fulfilment of God's promises to us follows the fulfilment by us of the conditions annexed. She found God a refuge *because* she "trusted in Him at all times, and poured out her

heart before Him" (Ps. lxii. 7, 8); and she was "kept by God's peace," *because* with "prayer and supplication and thanksgiving, she made known her requests unto Him" (Phil. iv. 6, 7). These passages are marked in her Bible. She used the means they point out, and so received the promises.

The diary continues :—

"*February* 8.—Papa, mamma, and I went to see the G. family this morning. They are so wonderfully resigned; they know, so plainly their father has gone to 'the better land,' and his was such a peaceful going home that they can say truthfully, 'O death, where is thy sting?' Mrs. G. said when she saw me, 'You see, although we are mourners we are not gloomy,' and one has only to look at their faces, that have a sort of sweet, sad brightness on them, if I may use the word, to see that.

"Mary and I had a charming drive to Taggia. The sea was lovely, with changing purple and green lights upon it, and the waves breaking a good way out, and rushing in over the rocks in a mass of foam. There were flying gleams of sunshine on the

hills, and our little town was covered with a haze of tender, golden light. I must say again words that often rise to my lips, 'It is a pretty world!' only that *pretty* does not in the least express its changeful beauty!"

Carnival-time had again come round, but Mayflower was not strong enough to join in it, as she did the previous year, and, while her father showed its vagaries to their young guest, Mayflower, with her mother, sat quietly under a tree for a little, seeing the various figures pass. She thus notices it in her diary:—

"*February 13.*—This has been a mad afternoon! Nothing but confetti, flowers, dust, and laughter. Papa engaged a carriage, and he and Mary have such absurd dresses! Papa's is red, Mary's pink and white. Miss Ht. M. and her brother looked very well; he had rolled two bath towels round his head like a Turk's turban. Mamma and I sat in the gardens, and, though not in the thick of the pelting, saw a good deal of the fun. We received several bouquets; I was presented with a large one

by a grotesque figure who got off his triumphal car to give it to me, and nearly knocked over a maid in returning. We were all tired, and I went early to bed.

"*February 15.*—Katie C. arrived this afternoon, looking so well and pretty. She will, I hope, remain with us a week. Her father and mother lunch with us to-morrow. Mr. C. is the same courtly old man that I remember seeing long ago, and Mrs. C. has a sweet, pleasant face.

"*February 17.*—Beautiful photos of Lisa and her husband arrived this morning, and mamma and I drove to town in Dr. Daubeny's carriage, and ordered two olive-wood frames for them. They shall stand in my room, where I can see them the first thing when I waken.

"*February 19.*—Katie went to Taggia with her father and mother to see Signor Ruffini, the author of *Doctor Antonio*. They took my birthday book, and Signor Ruffini was so kind as to write his name in it.

"*February 25.*—Sabbath Day. I went to the English Church this morning and sat in E. C.'s

pew; she kindly gave me leave, because it is out of the draught. We had a very nice sermon from the Rev. Mr. Livingstone Fenton; the subject was Esau's distress, 'Bless me, even me also, O my father!' He said that in many cases troubles were not so great as they seem; that the motto of this life should be 'Wait;' that though Esau had lost what he wanted, yet that he had evidently a prosperous enough life.

"We walked home; I feel quite proud of being able to walk now, like other people. I am very sorry to hear poor Mrs. Millar has lost a brother. One needs to be always ready either to sorrow or rejoice, it is so constantly called forth!

"Miss F. paid us a visit this afternoon; she is so clever it is nice to hear her talk."

Mayflower's thirst for knowledge was great, and, in spite of illness, she strove hard, by reading, and when opportunities occurred, conversing with accomplished friends, to make up for "lost time," as she called it. But it was not lost; she was advancing in the knowledge of herself and of Jesus

Christ, "whom to know is life eternal;" like Mary of old, drawing lessons from His word and dealings, not only for time but for eternity.

Diary continued.—"Mary and I passed a charming hour sitting by the sea. The breeze off it was delicious, and the sun lighted up the waves and the wet rocks. We were very quiet; one does not feel *chatty* by the sea; *it* speaks to one in its grand, deep tones, and human voices seem trivial near it.

"*February* 28.—Fine day, but as the mistral is blowing at present, I am not allowed to go out. Luckily the house is bright and pleasant, and I have lots to do in the way of practising, painting, and work. Dear little mother had a walk in the olives, and brought me such pretty lilies. Miss Ht. M. called; she is so nice!

"*March* 11.—We had the Communion to-day, and I came down for it, though not for the whole service. I have felt so *happy* this afternoon. I always pray to have my sins forgiven; somehow I felt to-day as if God *had* blotted them ALL out, those of omission and commission, every one I have

committed since I was born, as if, in taking the bread and wine, He permitted me to do so in remembrance of One who bore all *my* sins for *me*. It made me feel so safe and happy. I think now—though it was long before I could understand it—that I can thank God for sending me my illness, for now I think more about Him than I used in my old strong days, and heaven seems nearer. One thing there will be, that we have no more *sin*; here I so constantly make good resolutions, and break them; but there we shall be ‘like Him,’ and never tired, or weak, or sorry any more.

“*April 1.*—Lovely day! Papa said I might go to the English Church, it is such a fine day, so E. C. and I went, though only for the Communion, as the whole service is too long. It was such a quiet, solemn time, and it is so nice to go to God’s own house to thank Him for the gift of His Son, and to join in singing grateful praises to our risen Lord. I am very glad we were able to go. . . . I have had a letter from Dr. Wilson, saying that he and Mrs. Wilson will pay us a visit; it will be charming!

"*April 15.*—Went to church; the sermon I liked very much; it was telling us about our Lord's second coming, and the key-word was 'Watch.' Mr. Fenton said we ought to examine ourselves, and see if we were ready to meet Jesus whenever He may come for us.

"*April 22.*—Jessie R. died this morning—such a peaceful, happy death! One rejoices to think of her being freed from all suffering, and for ever with the Lord. Her poor father is the one I pity most, he was so wrapt up in her.

"*April 24.*—Jessie was buried to-day. Death seems a sad thing when one sees the great black hearse standing in the sunlight as I saw it this morning—such sunlight, and such a young life shut away! But there are other lights than earthly ones, and she is where there is no need of the sun, for God Himself is the light.

"*April 26.*—Very nice day. Mrs. Daubeny called and took me for a drive to Taggia—it was delightful. We saw the outside of Ruffini's house. We were all in the garden for a long time to-night;

the air was deliciously soft and balmy, and the moonlight superb; every tree, flower, and leaf stood out brightly and cast weird shadows, while there was a glorious cluster of stars above. I could hardly come in! Duty asked, but inclination did *not* lead. I am so well now, and have not coughed since last Saturday!

"*April 29.*—Fine day. I remained for the Scotch service to-day, as it was the last of the season. Rev. Mr. Millar preached from 2 Peter i. 4, about the 'exceeding great and precious promises' of Christ as delivered to us in the Bible. After service was over there was quite a leave-taking, the people coming to bid papa and mamma good-bye, and to thank them for having had service in their villa all winter. It has been a privilege for us too.

"*May 1.*—Summer in name has begun to-day, though it has been summer in weather for I don't know how long.

"*May 5.*—Papa went to the station to meet Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, and presently the train came rumbling in, and shortly after they appeared, driv-

ing up the hill. It is so *very* nice to see them again!

"*May* 8.—I did not rise early this morning, and Mrs. Wilson kindly came to see me in my room. She told me it was snowing when they left Inverness, and here it is like the finest June weather!

"Dr. Wilson gave me two little books, *Daily Light*, for reading morning and evening."

In these books Mayflower took special delight, as they contain the words of Scripture only. She read them every morning and evening afterwards, as long as she lived and could read; and when, towards the close, she became too weak, her mother read the day's portion, even until she could listen to but one verse.

Miss Havergal's "Royal" (right royal!) books were also great favourites with her; the *Royal Commandments* and *Royal Bounty* she read every morning and evening for two years, along with her daily portion of Scripture.

"*May* 13.—Mamma and I went to church.

Mr. Fenton preached about 'looking unto Jesus.' I do like the English Church; the prayers are so lovely, and they say all one feels, but sometimes does not know how to express by one's-self.

"In the afternoon I went to the Villa Teresa, and spent a long afternoon with E. C. She and I had a nice talk together, and she gave me a text from Micah iv. 5—'For all people will walk every one in the name of his god, and we will walk in the name of the Lord our God for ever and ever.' I like that *we*. I like to think we are going together, though she walks straight, and firm, and helpful, and I with so many stumblings on the road. She helps me so! I always feel the better for a talk with her.

"They say that for every soul you help, in heaven a star will be added to your crown. I sometimes think, if that be true, what a radiance E. C. will have! Sometimes here, when she is talking and smiles, I fancy I see a light upon her face. God bless her!"

CHAPTER VII.

VISIT TO ENGLAND AND RETURN TO ITALY.

And we, too, have lessons to learn,
For Life is a school !
And though sometimes our hearts may yearn,
Yet kind is the rule
Of the Master who sets our task,
And helps us in all we ask.

So let us be brave and strong,
While it is day !
Let us help each other along,
While yet we may ;
And the sun from the Better Land
Will shine as we " learning " stand.

From LESSONS.

MOST of the English visitants were now quitting San Remo, and on the 16th of May the family, with their friends Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, left also. After travelling a few days together, the Wilsons went on to England, and Mayflower and her family to Badenweiler, in the Black Forest.

On their way they stopped a few days at Geneva; in her Diary written there she says:—"From our windows we can see a bit of the Lake, and the Rhone rushing past so swiftly; it is of a curious colour—a bright, light, blue-green. Mont Blanc is behaving most shabbily; not once has he shown himself to our longing eyes. Sometimes one sees a suspicion of white between the partings of the clouds, and one holds one's breath, thinking he is to appear at last; but no! he is as coy as if he was the Yung Frau, instead of the hoary old mountain king. Perhaps some day when we are not on the watch he will reveal himself. . . . I have been busy to-day looking up texts to put upon cards for the Flower-Mission. There are few things I can do, but this writing of the texts is something that even *I* am able for. I should like to be of some use in the world; illness seems a selfish thing, most of one's thoughts are taken up in getting well. We spent a quiet, pleasant evening, little mother and I, talking together, while papa had a walk.

"*Badenweiler*.—This seems a pretty place, on

the skirts of the Black Forest. We had a long drive through the forest this afternoon to Schloss Bürgun, a romantic old house situated on the top of a mountain, from which one has a beautiful view of the Rhine plain, with its river winding along like a silver ribbon, and the soft distant outline of the hills. We saw the Blauen too, with the hotel on its summit, the highest point in the Black Forest. We drove through the loveliest trees it is possible to imagine, oak and beech principally, making such a pleasant green shade; in some places black—whence its name I suppose,—with straight tall pines growing close together, making a thick shade.

“On our return we sat in the gardens, on one of the seats overlooking the Rhine, where the sky in the west was flushed with the setting sun. I had a book with me, but found I could not read; it was all too pretty. There are other books than printed ones, and in looking at them one learns the goodness of God who has placed us in such a lovely world, and who ‘doeth all things well.’

"*June 1.*—Lovely morning, the air feeling like velvet on one's face. I had a letter this morning from E. C. I hope the Ems waters will strengthen her, and may God comfort her if she cannot go home, and guide her to the place best suited for her.

"We went to the top of the Blauen to-day, the highest mountain in the Black Forest. We started in splendid sunshine, and drove through the most exquisite scenery. When we arrived near the top however, we got into a cloud, and reached the hotel on the summit in a perfect hurricane of wind and rain; it was very provoking not to see any view—everything was hidden, except a few impudent pines, which flounced their drenched branches within an inch of our noses. I believe on a fine day the view is magnificent of the Rhine plain and Alps beyond.

"I am so well here. I have not felt so strong since 1871. The goat's milk and fine air agree with me."

After a fortnight at Badenweiler they resumed

their journey England-wards. Mayflower continues :—

“ *Hôtel D'Angleterre, Ems.*—Our first trip down the Rhine! We left Maintz about 9.30 A.M. The boat was very comfortable, and the sail most enjoyable; we had good seats under the awning and to the front, so that we were cooled by the breeze, and saw everything to perfection. Some of the scenery is very pretty; at every turn one meets the picturesque old castles built on rocks near the water's edge, some of them ruins, others looking as if inhabited. The ‘Lorelei’s’ rock is a grand one, rising to a great height sheer out of the water; and the ruins of the castle of Schönberg, where the seven sisters lived who were punished for their disdainfulness by being turned into rocks in the river! We saw the poor rocks raising their heads above the water in mid-stream.

“ On arriving at Ems we found E. C. had chosen such nice rooms for us in her hotel, and on my table I found a bunch of roses, the first since leaving San Remo.

“*Brussels*.—Oppressively hot. Mamma and I went to the Musée this morning and saw pictures by the grand old masters, Rubens, Vandyck, etc.; they were very fine. The portraits seemed to speak, and to look at one with grave, inquiring eyes, till one feels tempted to ask, ‘What did you say?’ I think they have lost the art of portrait-painting now-a-days; no likenesses seem to *live* as do those we saw this morning.

“There was a grand and sad picture of ‘Christ mounting to Calvary.’ He has stopped to rest, and Mary is beside Him, while a Magdalene looks on with sorrowful eyes. He has such a tired face, like one who was ‘acquainted with grief,’ but through the woe and suffering one can see the resolution of the God-man who bore our sins for us.

“*June 20, Ostend*.—The country through which we travelled on our way hither is very pretty, what poets call ‘smiling uplands.’ We passed a succession of pastoral scenes, little red-roofed cottages deep in the shade of enormous trees, with cows browsing peacefully, and calves flinging up their

tails, and frisking away from the train. It is nice to see the sea again, and to know that England is down there beyond the misty line of the horizon, such a little way off. Miss Ht. M. joined us this evening, and we hope to cross together to-morrow.

"June 22, *Folkestone, Pavilion Hotel*.—At last we have reached England. We are to rest here for a few days.

"June 24.—Fine day, but coldish. In the afternoon mamma and I went to church, but the service was very *high*, and we did not enjoy it. I, for one, cannot pray in a chant, and I think if one had to ask an earthly friend an earnest request, one would not ask it on one note, with a telling *crescendo* chord at the end."

After some days in Folkestone, they removed to the Grosvenor Hotel, London, where Mayflower had the great pleasure of seeing her relatives and friends. She went one day to the Royal Academy, then open. In her Diary she says:—"A picture by Peter Graham, 'The Gently Heaving Tide,' is most beautiful; one seems to hear the swish of the water

on the rocks. It would be a pleasant picture to have in one's room if one were confined to bed; one could look at it and fancy one heard the rush of the sea-gulls' wings, and felt the breeze. In the afternoon Mrs. G. and her daughters called, and asked me to go to the park, as the Queen is to pass, so I accompanied them. We had to wait a long time. The carriage pulled up under the trees. At last our patience was rewarded; a flash of scarlet appeared, a gleam of silver, and with a clatter of guards her gracious Majesty passed. I was very glad to have seen her."

From London Mayflower went to Tunbridge Wells, of which she writes in her Diary:—

"*July* 13.—Our rooms are comfortable, and the surrounding country very pretty. The air is very fine here, and our thrush seems to enjoy it; he is in a window looking out upon trees, and with an enormous rose close to him—rather a contrast to his late abode in the shop in 'Seven Dials!'

"*July* 15.—This morning I wrote some Flower-Mission texts. In the afternoon mamma and I

went to church; the service was nice, not at all *high*; the sermon was about the Jews, and the numbers that are being converted.

"*July 16.*—Papa left for Scotland to-day. Pelt-ing with rain *all* day. I was busy practising, reading, and working; too much occupied to be dull, but I don't think I could stand this weather long.

"*July 27.*—Not very well. My cold and cough troublesome, so I stayed in bed all day; read a pretty book, *The Bertram Family*, also *Thoughts on Christian Life*, very well written. The doctrine is such a contrast to poor Harriet Martineau's, whose *Life* I am getting through. I am better to-day; dear mother and I have had a pleasant day together.

"*August 1.*—Not so warm to-day. I felt very poorly in the morning, but grew better towards the afternoon. Read a great deal to-day—H. Martineau's *Life*. It is very well written, but seems to me inconsistent in parts. She says, 'At one time I was very religious,' which shows she was *not*; for when one begins to think of God's love to us, and how it has shown itself 'while we were yet

sinners,' it is then one sees how worthless one is in one's-self, and the last thing one could call one's self would be 'very religious.' Besides, she goes on: 'But I never found religion have any influence on my faults,' while religion consists in 'overcoming,' and trying to be like Jesus.

"I have nearly finished *The Bertrams*; it is beautifully written, and *true*. One little sentence struck me. It says, 'One ought to be firmly *anchored*, and then one can allow one's-self to drift a little with the current of other people's opinions,' which, I suppose, means 'as much as lieth in you, live *peaceably* with all men;' not to flaunt *our* opinions in the faces of our friends, and so rub them up the wrong way, but to *do* right; 'by their fruits ye shall know them.'

"*August 6.*—In the afternoon I went out with Marion and sat under a big tree on the common, reading, until interrupted by a droll little boy, who came and talked. Driven in by rain."

On coming in she amused her mother by an account of this interview. The little boy came

under the tree where she was sitting. Being very fond of children, she spoke to him. While chatting she remarked, "There are some little girls playing; do you ever play with them?"

"Play with little girls? No! If a little girl came and asked me to play with her I would eat her up."

"Don't you think that would be rash?" asked Mayflower; "she might disagree with you."

He looked at her drolly, and said with a laugh, "I like you! You're funny."

Just then, a tall policeman passing, the little fellow joined him, quickening his short steps to keep up with the other's long ones, and looking up in his face, talking. Presently he came back. "Have you given any one in charge to the policeman?" asked Mayflower. "Well, I thought you would think that," replied he, "but I didn't. You see I know that policeman, and always speak to him when I see him; he might feel hurt if I didn't."

"*August 7.*—Rainy day. Finished *The Bertram Family*, one of the most beautiful and helpful stories I have ever read. It does one good to think

of it, and is a book of which I could never tire. The characters are so good, and pure, and true, each one in his or her own way trying to benefit those around them, and taking uncomplainingly whatever God sends, knowing that He knows best. Altogether, the book leaves a pleasant, healthful feeling in one's mind. I especially like 'Monica.'

"Another book I think *very* nice, *Memorials of Agnes Jones*. She gave her life to God, was not driven to Him by trial or sickness, but gave herself in her youth and strength, to *work* for Him till He called her home. She was a 'Nightingale nurse,' and matron of the Liverpool Workhouse; and through all the sickness and misery of that crowded hospital she carried brightness and helpful ways. She died early, in consequence of a fever caught while nursing one of the patients. I think her life must have seemed to God to be 'very good,' and that, as the highest reward He could give her, He took her to be with Himself. I do like reading those lives of people who have *lived* not only for themselves but for others.

"I have been reading over again Longfellow's beautiful poem, 'The Song of Hiawatha.' There is something so weird and plaintive in it; the Indian legends have a sort of whiff of their own prairies about them, and as one reads one seems to go through the silent pine forests with the hero. I remember the great American forests, straight and dark, and stretching such countless miles. I remember, too, her mighty rivers; and the Indian words come back to me familiarly. It gives me a double interest in reading the poem.

"*September 5.*—It is so cold, I am glad we go to-morrow.

"*Boulogne-sur-mer, September 6.*—Here we are once more across the Channel. Our visit to England has been very pleasant, and has flown so quickly. We had a lovely morning to cross. I did not feel very well when I rose, my cough was troublesome. I had my breakfast in our sitting-room, and was resting there when a friend came to say good-bye, gave me a bunch of lovely roses, and bade 'God bless me.' I think God does bless

me, for He gives me content. When we walked down to the boat the air was delicious, there was scarcely a ripple on the sea, the Dover cliffs shone out white and clear, and in a blaze of sunshine we left English ground.

“September 15, Turin.—I am so glad to be in Italy again, and it welcomed us with its bluest sky and hottest sunshine. We have had rather an eventful journey. We left Paris in a *fauteuil-lit*, mamma, Marion, and I comfortably settled for the night; we had just got into our first sleep, when we were roused by the door being violently flung open, and a guard with blazing eyes calling out, ‘Descendez! descendez! vite, vite!’ Mamma mildly asked ‘Pourquoi?’ and was told the carriage was on fire! so we were bundled out on a little roadside station, where we had to wait about a quarter of an hour, while the train disappeared in the darkness. I think the thrush’s cup of misery must, at that moment, have overflowed. When the train returned the guard opened the door of a *fauteuil-lit*, and said there were only two places vacant in it, and that

Marion must go somewhere else. Mamma was rather disgusted at our being thus put in with a strange lady, but her horror knew no bounds when, by the flickering light of the lamp, she saw a grey moustache! She almost wept as she sat down on the bundle of wraps, and said in a tone of despair, 'It is a man!' 'And smoking!' screamed Marion from the outside. But here the owner of the grey moustache interposed: 'Soyez tranquille, madame, je ne fume pas.' I was by this time in a subdued fit of laughter, it all seemed so ridiculous; my only hope was that our companion would not snore; which it turned out he did not do, and he left in the morning.

"*September* 16.—It felt so strangely warm this morning when I awoke—as if we had gone back to summer from a chill autumn. Little mother went to church in the afternoon and heard a good sermon on the widow's two mites; That our Lord praised her, not because she gave all she possessed, but because she tried to serve Him; and that the poorest and weakest among us may please Him as well as the greatest.

"*September 18, Grand Hôtel, Varese.*—Very lovely day. We found several friends here. I was tired, and came to bed.

"*September 23.*—Mary P. came to see me after service; she brought her Bible, and told me she and her cousin had tried an interesting thing, viz., to look up in the Bible what God says about *dress*, and how far we ought to go. In these days dress has got to be rather an expensive item in one's expenditure. I myself think that one ought to make one's self look as nice as one can on one's allowance, but never to exceed that, nor to take for dress what ought to go in charity. It is not the *expensiveness* of a dress that makes it look well.

"*September 28.*—Beautiful day: a freshness in the air, and wonderful brightness over everything. The mountains stand in a grand line. Monte Rosa had a delicate mist like a veil over its base, while the summit caught the glory of the sun, and showed each peak glistening and distinct, the light varied by dark-blue shadow. I once heard some one say, 'O Nature, you are a bountiful mother!' So she

is; she prepares new pictures for us every day; no 'old master' reaches her!

"*September 29.*—In the afternoon Mary P., mamma, and I went to the roof of the hotel to see the view. I felt as if I were ascending Mont Blanc. It was most beautiful; the gardens and lake looked so calm and peaceful beneath us, and backed by range upon range of mountains. The village on Monte Sacro caught the sun rays and flashed them back. Some of the mountains took a pink shade, others had breadth of purple shadow lying across them, and the lake got golden; the sun was setting rapidly like a ball of fire, while we looked it disappeared, seemed to slip away, and nothing was left of it but a great glory; the mountains suddenly changed colour, becoming a dark-bluish grey, with every peak showing against the golden background, and Monte Viso appeared pale and faint in the distance, as if it wanted to see the sunset too. It was all very beautiful.

"*September 30.*—Went to church this afternoon. Rev. Mr. Fenton preached such a good sermon about

Jesus leaving the multitude and going apart to pray. We also, he said, should go apart to pray ; leaving all worldly thoughts behind us, go simply ourselves to Jesus. Some people, he said, were afraid of death. He knew of nothing that could lighten the way through the ' valley of the shadow ' better than the habit of meditation and prayer ; that if we have been in the habit of going to Jesus through life, we shall not be afraid to go to Him even through death. The text was in the 14th of St. Mark. I think it is Longfellow who says, ' The grave is but a covered bridge leading from light to light.' It is a pretty thought.

" *Milan, October 4.*—Once more *en voyage* : rather tedious, the train stopping often. At first the glow over everything was pretty, and the fight between light and shadow. By and bye the sun let the shadows get the victory ; it became cold too.

" *October 5.*—Mother and I had a delicious afternoon. We drove to the Brera Gallery, and spent a couple of hours in dreamland among the old masters. O how they painted long ago ! The lace ruffles

on the dresses seem to lift softly with the breathing of those lifelike figures. Among so much that was fine it was difficult to fasten on a favourite. I liked very much a Ste. Cecilia, whose head is half turned away, and whose eyes look up rapturously as if listening to the heavenly music. Also the Virgin with the child asleep on her knee. She looks at it so tenderly, and all round are cherubs watching. There was also a magnificent head of Christ, by Leonardo da Vinci. Such a tender, mournful sweetness in it, a depth of love and sorrow. It is a privilege to see those pictures. We rested on getting back to the hotel. I fell asleep on mamma's bed, and dreamed that the noise of the carriages was the rushing of angels' wings, and that the old pictures had come to life and I was wandering among them.

October 6.—This afternoon we drove to the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, and saw the great work of Leonardo, 'The Last Supper.' It is painted on the wall, the figures life-size, and when one sees it, one feels almost startled, the figures look so real ;

their faces seem to shine out from the picture, in a sort of triumph that all these centuries have not been able to destroy them. Christ's head is very grave and beautiful, with a majestic sweetness. He is always painted so, I think,—of us, and yet beyond us, the God-man. There is a door cut in the wall, the top of which runs into the picture. The room was the refectory, and the heathenish old monks cut an opening there, as being a quicker way to reach their dinner. I think Leonardo must have shuddered in his grave.

“October 7.—In the afternoon we went to the Duomo and sat there. Among the dim pillars solitary figures were kneeling, and before the Virgin's chapel with its scarlet and gold, and lighted tapers, there was quite a crowd. In the centre dome a crucifix hangs. There are small windows near it, stained yellow, and the light coming through them makes it look covered with a golden glory like a halo. It is a most beautiful and wonderful effect, that one spot so bright and the rest of the building in a dim solemn twilight, save where the tapers

lighten it; the sun coming through the painted windows sends bars of coloured light on the massive pillars and marble floor. The three large windows at the back are the most wonderful I have ever seen. From a distance they seem a dazzle of purple, and gold, and green, and rose-colour; when one goes near they resolve themselves into pictures. I rested on coming home, the eye gets bewildered with so much beauty.

“I thought to-day when I saw the grandeur of the house they have built for God, of the verse, ‘I dwell in the high and holy place,’ and then the beautiful contrast, so full of comfort for those who cannot always go to church to worship, ‘With him also who is of a humble and contrite spirit.’ ”

CHAPTER VIII.

DIARY CONTINUED.

Drawing near to Heaven's gate,
While she seemed to "stand and wait."

From EARTH'S ANGELS.

"*October 10.*—Villa Margherita! I am so glad to be in San Remo again, and at the end of my journey. It seems like getting home.

"*October 14.*—Little mother went to church this morning. I was not allowed, which disappointed me. However, one can speak to God at home, and when one gives up one's will it pleases Him. I once had a pleasant thought, which some one has put into words. Referring to "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, as unto God." It does not mean only great deeds; "whatsoever" takes in *all*, down to the smallest; and if

even in such a little thing as not going out when we wish it because our friends are afraid of over fatigue, if we remain because He permits it we turn it into a service for Him.' I liked the thought, and have never forgotten it; it seems to ennoble one's little ordinary duties.

"Mamma said Mr. Fenton told his congregation that he was going to take as his motto for this season, 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ,' and he gave to them as theirs, 'Let your conversation be such as becometh the Gospel of Christ.'

"In the afternoon I went to see E. C., whose life is a sermon, or the acting of one, and whose text is, 'Not my will, but Thine.'

"*October 26.*—Edith O. M. and her father arrived. Edith is to pass the winter with us. It will be delightful to have her.

"*November 2.*—Dr. O. M. left us to-day; we shall miss him.

"*November 4.*—This is a red-letter day, for I was able to be at the Communion. The service

was sweet and solemn; and kneeling at God's table, I asked Him to be with all my dear friends, and to lead us all, in His own good time, home. I had many granted requests to thank Him for, as well as prayers to ask.

"*November 11.*—Rev. Mr. Rennie preached such a good sermon in our rooms. The text was in Phil. iii. 14, 'I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' He said we should never look back, always forward, and aim to be like Christ; even though we cannot hope to be perfect as He is, to strive each day to grow in grace, and to be more like Him.

"*November 18.*—Beautiful day. Rev. Mr. Rennie preached such a good sermon from Rev. vii. 9, 10. He said—These verses teach us that many will be saved; that the work of redemption will be complete, for a countless multitude stand before the throne, of *all* nations, clothed in white, and with palms in their hands. Standing before the throne is indicative of honour. 'Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings.' The

white robes signify purity. Among the throng there are many who were sinners on earth, but who have washed their robes and made them white. There is the thief who died on the cross, there is a profane John Bunyan, a scoffing Colonel Gardiner, a blasphemous and persecuting Saul, who are all now 'standing before the throne.' The 'palms' mean victory, for each one there is a hero; he has fought the good fight of faith, and has overcome; he has been faithful unto death, and has received a crown of life. And the moment when we throw our crowns down before God and shout 'Worthy the Lamb that was slain!' will recompense us a hundredfold for any weary 'fighting' days we have spent here. It was a beautiful sermon.

"I wanted very much to go to the English Church to-day, for there was the Communion, but papa did not wish it, he was afraid of its hurting my sprained foot to walk much. In the midst of my disappointment Jesus seemed to say, 'This do—give up your own will—in remembrance of Me,' and made it so easy to stay away. 'O Lord Jesus,

wilt Thou always keep me? Let them know me by my fruits. Help me to fight the good fight. Keep me from being weary in well-doing.'

"*November 30.*—Rather cold, but bright and pleasant; a westerly breeze making 'white horses' on the sea, and the sun shining as it feels is its duty to shine in Italy. Edith and I had a drive before luncheon. We went to the nursery gardens, and chose a couple of plants, and stopped to admire a rose with drooped head, that 'blushed at the praise of its own loveliness!' We did not go out after luncheon, it being the day of our Dorcas meeting, which we hope to continue this season like last. We are to work for the tree Mrs. Boyce gives her school children at Christmas. We were as busy as bees cutting out and making dolls' clothing, comforters, cuffs, needlecases, etc. etc., and spent a very pleasant hour and half. At four o'clock we stopped working, and had tea and music.

"*December 1.*—We have actually reached the last month of the year. What a sly thief is time! I hope the remaining days that he will steal from

me will not be idle ones; that I, 'in passing through the valley of Baca, may make it a well.' That is a favourite verse of mine. I think it means we are always to try to do good; for wells were much thought of in hot Palestine, and people made them even when only 'passing through,' so that others were benefited.

"It was very windy this morning, and the 'white horses' were rampant; we could see them from our windows tumbling over each other in their hurry to reach the shore.

"*December 2.*—Rev. Mr. Rennie gave us a very good sermon, his subject being, 'The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.' He thinks we are meant to enjoy the beautiful things in this beautiful world. The fact of their being here is a proof of the goodness of God. That austere people rather damage religion. One of the first-mentioned fruits of the Spirit is 'joy.'

"*December 4.*—Sufficiently fine to allow me to go to E. C.'s Bible reading. It was a very pleasant one, showing that although Satan tempts us and

tries us, sometimes so sorely, yet that Christ is on our side, and 'if God be for us, who can be against us?'

"*December 5.*—Most lovely day. However dark the days may be for a time, sunshine always comes again! Edith and I went to see E. C., whom we found in the garden. She was on her sofa, and all round everywhere there was a brightness and clearness in the air, and we saw through the palm-tree branches the sea sparkling and shining.

"*December 13.*—Mary P. came, and we had a very nice Bible reading, finishing our subject, 'Thanksgiving.' We have clearly proved that in *everything* we are to give God thanks.

"*December 19.*—Bright and fresh. After luncheon papa, mamma, Edith, and I went to hear Sivori, the great violinist. It was simply perfect! The violin seemed as if it answered him, wailing in the grand, sad 'Andante Religioso,' and breaking into boisterous joy in 'La Campanella.' The bells seemed to fall over each other, and tried to outring each other,—bell-violin, bell-violin,—a hurricane of sweet sounds.

Then he played a tender and beautiful *Berceuse*, which soothed one; the sounds swayed like the rocking of a cradle, and died slowly away at the end. I am glad I have been able to hear such a treat. I wish E. C. could have been there too.

"*December 20.*—Edith and I lunched with E. C., and afterwards illuminated texts to send to the patients in the hospital on Christmas Day. Dear E. C. looked better. I hope by and bye God will make her strong.

"*December 22.*—Much milder. Mother and I walked in the garden, and at half-past two our friends arrived for our 'Dorcas'—quite a merry party; music when sewing was done.

"*December 24.*—We have been busy decorating our drawing-room. It looks quite festive with holly berries. Some beautiful Christmas cards came for us from various kind friends.

"*December 25.*—Christmas Day! I shall look back to this one as being beautifully bright. We all went to church and heard a nice sermon, and the glad hymns which always seem to raise a

triumphant echo in one's heart, which lasts all day, and fills one with a solemn peace and joy. The church was prettily decorated. Dear E. C. was there; I saw her sweet face smiling as I passed down the aisle; dear mother and father too. I thank God that we are all together this Christmas. We got so many presents! Things seemed to arrive at earliest dawn,—cards, photos, boxes of olive-wood, such a pretty scent-bottle from Edith, enormous bouquets of flowers, a beautiful shawl of Eïs wool for me from E. C. When I feel it warm upon me I shall think her arms are round me.

“*December 30.*—Fine day, but I was so tired I did not go to church; I stayed in bed till nearly lunch-time, and read the service to myself. The sea seemed to sound in the responses, I could hear it *swish* through the open windows, and the sky looked serenely blue. In the afternoon I went to see E. C.; she was in bed, with the sunbeams reaching her where she lay. I stayed a long time with her; we spoke of the blessings we have had during the past year, and how nice it was to have been so

much together. We spent a quiet, pleasant evening at home all together.

"January 1, 1878.—New-Year's Day again. It does not seem so very long since I wrote these words at the beginning of '77. I hope we shall all have a bright year. I was wakened this morning by mother's voice, and her dear lips kissing me; papa followed soon after. The day was lovely; Edith and I had a drive, and in the afternoon I went to E. C., whom I found in the garden; we had a nice little talk together. Everything looked so lovely, and the sun seemed like God smiling upon us. We look forward without fear to what the new year will bring, for 'hitherto the Lord hath helped us,' and 'He will be our guide even unto death.' The first day of '78 is nearly over. I thank God that we are all here, that our circle is as unbroken as this time last year. May He permit us to be together for many more years on earth, and by and bye to be reunited where there is no sorrow or parting. I thank Him also for my friends; for having given me the love of such a true servant of His as is E. C.

"*January* 13.—We had the Communion to-day, and I was so glad to be down for it. Mr. K. spoke so nicely; he said we ought all to think of others, and try to benefit them; that if we think only of ourselves, and of the good we have received at the Lord's table, and try to keep the comfortable feeling we have there until we next meet round it, without imparting any of it to our friends, we are like the man who hid his one talent in a napkin and gave it to his master, and was called an unprofitable servant. He said—We are very few of us in San Remo for pleasure; most of us are here for a sad reason, seeking health for ourselves, or for those dear to us, and we are very apt to think that there is no trouble like our trouble; but, he went on; if we try to forget ourselves, if we throw ourselves into other people's lives, if we help them, and rejoice, or sorrow with them as they have need, then our own trouble will seem lighter and easier to be borne, until, by and bye, we hear the Master's voice saying, 'Come, for all things are ready.'

"Once I read something I liked very much, viz.,

‘I should like, when death comes to me, that the world might be a little better and brighter for my having been in it.’

“*January* 25.—Mother’s birthday. I pray that God may bless her, and that, as the years pass, she may feel ever nearer to Him, and more glad in the knowledge that ‘all things’ work together for good to those who love Him. Dr. Daubeny says I am better, and we all had a drive. In the afternoon we had the working party; they had written verses during the week, which Mr. Fenton read aloud, causing much laughter. Dr. Daubeny would not allow me to join them, so I sat in my room reading.”

The occasion of the “verses” to which she alludes was this: To make variety in the after-hour of the working meeting, Mayflower’s father one day suggested poetry as a change from music, proposing that a subject be given on one Friday, each young lady during the week to put it into verse and bring it the following Friday, when all were to be read aloud.

After some demur on the score of inability, this suggestion was adopted ; a subject was agreed on, and, to spare the blushes of the young poetesses, the signatures were to be *noms de plume*, such as "Leaflet," "Mischief," "Tabitha," etc., chosen by themselves.

When all was arranged, the resident English pastor, the Rev. Mr. L. Fenton, always ready to promote the innocent amusement of his flock, undertook to read the effusions aloud.

This poetic fancy turned out a great success ; and many who at first declared they "could not write a line," by and bye discovered they could write very pretty verses.

Mayflower, too, though latterly, from increasing weakness, unable to be present at the gatherings, contributed occasionally ; and, lying on her sofa in her own little "den," with the doors open, listened while the various poems were being read aloud. One of the subjects given was "The Ball on the Molo."¹ Here is her contribution :--

¹ The *Molo* being the pier.

THE BALL ON THE MOLO.

NOT a sound was heard save the song of the sea,
As down to the Molo we hurried,
Having hastily swallowed some cups of tea,
And the wings of a chicken, curried.

We left our home darkly at dead of night,
With a lantern dimly burning ;
We clutched our umbrellas painfully tight,
While the wind kept our waterproofs turning.

As we neared the Molo a sound of riot
We heard from feet that were twirling,
And we saw by the moonbeam's radiance quiet
That coat-tails were wildly whirling.

All San Remo seemed dancing there,
Agile and light as a feather,
Of youthful and elderly, many a pair,
Footing it blithely together.

Cheerfully, gladly we sat us down
To watch the light fantastic
Toes, which bounded from stone to stone,
As if they were made of elastic.

The "Mountaineer" and "Tabitha" coy,
Were lightly dancing together,
While the "woeful shepherd" said, "Go it, old boy,
Though you're not on your native heather."

And a lady twirled with a roguish smile,
In front of a cavalier big ;
I think they hailed from the Emerald Isle,
For the dance it was called a jig.

And "Shortfellow" felt compelled to speak,
And ingeniously supposes
(His eye on the lady's blushing cheek)
That Ireland is famed for its *Roses*.

And "Vera" and "Mischief" went hopping around,
And "Una" with "Bashi Bazouk,"
And "Leaflet" fluttered, scarce touching the ground,
With *spring* in her motion and look.

And fast and more furious waxed the fun,
And frills from dresses kept tearing ;
And we thought what a sight to-morrow's sun
Would see—were it given to staring.

But just at the end there took place a thing
Which greatly astonished us all,
It was nothing less than the "Highland Fling"
Danced by our Chaplain tall.

With one hand placed on his clerical side,
And the other aloft in the air,
He stood in the midst of our circle wide,
Ready to do, and dare !

And "Byron MacByron" joined him too,
And they danced till nearly dawning ;
For a blush rising over the eastern blue
Told of the coming morning.

Then few were the short adieux we said,
With eyes full of sleep and sorrow,
For we rather wished we were safe in bed,
And we knew we'd be stiff to-morrow.

And at last, when we rested with great delight,
We thought, as we smoothed our pillows,
What a curious sight had been ours that night,
Seen by the stormy billows.

Lightly they'll talk of the Ball that is gone,
And say 'tis a good thing over ;
But little we'll care if they let us sleep on,
Till our shins have had time to recover.

Another subject given was "Lessons," on which
Mayflower wrote the following:—

LESSONS.

A BLAZE of sunshine outside !
While the song of a bird
Comes through open windows wide,
And is longingly heard ;
For its voice seems to call alway—
" Children ! 'tis time to play ! "

And rows of heads, dark and fair,
Themselves eagerly raise,
And bright eyes, full many a pair,
Through the window gaze,
Till the Master says, smiling, " You know
When lessons are done you shall go."

But sometimes these lessons are long,
And difficult too ;
And through them all comes the bird's song,
And the half-hidden view
Of the leaves on the old elm trees,
That play with the passing breeze.

So the faces are bent lower down,
Their tasks to see,
With either a smile or a frown,
As the case may be;
To some they all seem to go wrong,
While others pass blithely along.

Till, at last, on each eager face
The master looks,
And smiles all his gravity chase
As he closes his books,
And says—to the clock's slow chime—
“Now, it is holiday time!”

And then with a sudden rush,
And many a shout,
The children go! breaking the hush,
To the garden without,
To rejoice with the birds and the flowers,
In the sunny summer hours.

* * * * *

And we, too, have lessons to learn,
For Life is a school!
And though sometimes our hearts may yearn,
Yet kind is the rule
Of the Master who sets our task,
And helps us in all we ask.

So let us be brave and strong
While it is day!
Let us help each other along,
While yet we may;
And the sun from the Better Land
Will shine as we “learning” stand.

And holiday time will come
To us by and bye ;
Perhaps in the midst of some
Work done heartily,
The MASTER will smile, and say,
" Your lessons are done to-day."

Another time "Spirits" was the subject given.
Mayflower's contribution was—

EARTH'S ANGELS.

Not with triumph through the land
Go these angels, day by day,
So that passers-by might stand
To watch them on their shining way ;
But with footsteps fleet and low
Earth's Angels, silent, come and go.

In the sunshine of God's smile
They take their quiet way,
Lent to earth but for a while
To brighten night to day ;
In the melody of life
Making harmony of strife.

For the tired, words of rest ;
For the friendless, words of cheer,
Telling that a Friend—the Best—
To the lonely cometh near ;
With their tender voices low,
Quieting the cries of woe.

Where the cannon thunders loud,
Till the noise and clamour cease ;
Through the hospital's sad crowd
Go these messengers of peace ;
In the wards with noiseless tread,
'Tween the living and the dead.

By the pillow of the dying
Stand they, whispering of Love,
Telling where, beyond earth's sighing,
There remains a "rest" above ;
And of that other fight with sin,
And the crown for those who win.

Through the city's busy crowd,
In the homes of want and sin,
Where men hush their voices loud
As the angel passes in,
Bringing flowers the sick to cheer,
Drying many a hopeless tear.

In the cottage home at even,
When the heat of day is done,
And the calm seems full of heaven ;
And the children, one by one,
Troop to cluster round the gate,
And for the angel's passing wait.

And the quiet room, too, holds them,
Shut away when life seems fair,
But the Saviour's arm enfolds them,
Though they cannot "do and dare ;"
Only theirs to "watch and pray,"
As the years roll away.

To pray for those outside
Who are fighting hard with sin,
To give sympathy so wide,
To give praise for those who win ;
Drawing near to Heaven's gate,
While they seem to "stand and wait."

We may trace them by the light
In their happy eyes serene ;
We may know them by the might
Of their faith in the "Unseen,"
With faces rapt and sweet,
Listening for the Master's feet.

"Friendship" was another subject given. Mayflower wrote on it, and, after sketching different kinds of friends, ends thus :—

There 's the friend of our youth to whom still we cling,
Though parted for many a day ;
And down in our hearts her memory lives,
Never to fade away.

And here let me whisper a tiny word
(My feelings I really can't smother),
For, talking of Friendship, purest and best,
Who is a friend like one's mother ?

And when we come down to the end of the road,
And say to them all, Good-night !
And list to the rush of the hurrying tide
That will bear us out to the light :

As the mists about us faster fall,
And higher the waters ascend,
When suddenly DEATH comes to carry us through,
May his face seem like that of a Friend !

Sweet Mayflower ! this wish was granted to
thee when the end came.

CHAPTER IX.

SAN REMO—JOURNEY TO SWITZERLAND.

With quick, heavy rain-drops the wild thunder-shower
Has drenched, but not broken, our delicate flower,
 Again, and again !
With brave, trusting love she is bearing the blast—
Lord ! shew her how sweetly the sun shines at last,
 After the rain !

From A SKETCH.

DURING this time Mayflower's health had varied, and while on a visit to her dear E. C. (whose villa was opposite, and only separated from hers by gardens), she had a sudden and very severe attack of illness.

The following extract from her diary gives us an account of it:—

"*February 6.*—Dr. Daubeney came this morning, and has given me leave to go to Villa Teresa to—

morrow. E. C. has been wanting me for some time, but the doctor would not allow me to go until the weather improved. Now it is lovely—bright sunshine.

“*February 7, Villa Teresa.*—Lovely day. Dr. Daubeny came to see me, and thinks me better, and says the change will do me good. About four o'clock I drove here with mother, who says she will come often to see me!

“*Villa Margherita, March 9.*—It is such a long time since I have written in this,—more than a month. I have been very unwell since my pen traced the lines at the top of this page.

“I went to Villa Teresa on Thursday, and took ill on the following Sunday. For some days I was very ill, such dreadful oppression in my chest, and difficulty of breathing, and my strength quite left me. But through it all God kept so near me, and Jesus seemed to say to me, ‘Be not afraid.’ Sometimes I felt as if I could almost *see* Him standing in the room, and I knew that underneath me were the everlasting arms.

"I can never forget E. C.'s kindness, nor that of dear Maggie, who used to sit by me and read to me. God is so good to give me such friends!

"I have now been home for some time, and am feeling much better. On Friday the Princess de S. came to see me, and we had a pleasant chat. To-day I have been for several hours in the garden. The air is deliciously soft and balmy. Miss Fitzgerald and Maggie came to see me.

"E. C. came this afternoon and stayed for a good while; it was perfect, only she looked tired. We spoke about the '*all things*' which work together for good to those who love God; that *all* takes in everything, small troubles as well as great, and the sure '*afterwards*' which yieldeth the '*peaceable fruit*.'

"*March 10.*—Windy day; too much so for me to go out, so I remained quietly up-stairs on my sofa, where the sun shone in at the windows and warmed me, and read, and wrote a sort of hymn."

Here is the hymn :—

*“ Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh
in the morning.”*

ONLY a little darkness
Before the dawn ;
Only a night of weeping,
And then—the morn !
When the Bridegroom calleth us away,
And the shadows pale into the day.

No more dimmed with tears
Those radiant eyes,
That look for us in glory
Beyond the skies !
Ours—the yearning heart forlorn ;
Theirs—the joy that comes with morn !

Only a little standing
Without the gate,
Only a little longer
For home to wait ;
And then we too will enter in,
Where our loved ones live with Christ our King.

“ March 15.—I did not go down-stairs to-day as it was our working-party day. Dear Maggie has had heart-breaking news,—her father is no more. Oh, I do feel so for her! May God comfort her!

“ March 26.—Dear Maggie came to see me, the

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first time since her father's death. She spoke very sweetly and quietly about it, and told me a good deal. Truly 'the Lord is mindful of His own,' and helps them to bear things that at first seem unendurable. It was very nice to see dearest Maggie again.

"Princess de S. came to sit a while with me after her return from Nice. It was very pleasant to see her bright face again.

"*March 31.*—Too damp for me to go out. Spent a pleasant, quiet day. Dear Maggie came to see me, and we had *such* a nice talk together. One of the things she said was about the Levites bearing the *burdens* of the people, and that in the margin *burden* was translated *gift*. It is a nice way to look on one's sorrow, not to try to banish it, but to bear it as a gift from God sent to better us in some way; and *all things* work together for good to those who love Him. Sometimes there are very steep rocks to climb, but the steeper they are the nearer they take us to heaven. I do love a talk with Maggie.

"*April 8.*—Dr. Daubeny says my chest is going

on well, but that the sudden heat has weakened me. He won't let me write any more poems, or read much. It is disappointing.

"*April 16.*—Much better. Dr. Daubeny let me get up in the afternoon, but not go down-stairs. Princess de S. lunched here, also Mr. Fenton and Mary P. Just before luncheon Mr. and Mrs. M. suddenly appeared from Mentone, and joined the festive party. I think they all enjoyed themselves; and when they adjourned to the garden I could hear their voices and laughter through my open windows; it was very nice, and felt like being among them. Mothery came often to see me, and sat with me when they had gone."

Mayflower made religion very lovely, or, rather, religion made her so. No illness or weariness prevented her glad, hearty sympathy with the pleasures of her friends; and those who came to her with their sorrows felt that she did indeed make them her own, comforting them by the comfort wherewith she herself was comforted of God. She rejoiced with the glad, and sorrowed with the sorrowing.

"*April* 21.—Easter-day! a bright, beautiful morning. I think the sun would be ashamed not to shine on Easter-day, and to help with his illumination the general rejoicings going on in various parts of the world. I hear the anthem went well, and the church looked so pretty in its Easter dress. I *wish* I could have been there. Dear E. C. was able to go for the Communion. I am *so* glad. Last year she and I went together. I hope we shall next year too.

"Edith and I had such a nice evening in the boudoir talking about our risen Lord, and of Mary's glad wonder when she found it was her 'Master' to whom she was speaking. Resting after dinner in the twilight I seemed to hear the angels' voices singing, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.'

"*April* 22.—Mother and I had a drive. I am much better, and feel my strength returning.

"*April* 23.—Lovely day. Miss L. came to ask me to drive, so, as I was only too glad, off we went. Lady L. was with us, and motherly. The air was delicious, so soft. We went on the Bordighera

road. The sea was a beautiful green blue, and the clouds sailing overhead cast changing purple shadows.

"*April 24.*—Very wet. Miss F. sat with me for a while and talked so entertainingly, as she always does. She told me that when she was young she had a great fondness for making plans—in fact, she went by the name of 'Old Plans' in the family circle, and that she once read a thing which struck her; talking of plans, it said, 'By all means make plans, but let them be of leather, not stone, so that they may bend to the wishes of other people.'

"*April 27.*—This is a day to be marked with a white stone, for I went to Villa Teresa to lunch, and spent the afternoon with E. C.; it *was* so nice to be with her again, and to see her pretty house, and the garden looking so much grown. Papa and Edith went for a drive, and motherly came up to E. C. and me.

"*April 30.*—Mamma, Edith, and I went for a drive to the Madonna della Guardia. The view was lovely, and the air on the hill so fresh and exhilar-

ating. The sea was a deep blue, with little crisp waves breaking and glittering.

“Miss Faber has given me a goldfinch.”

This little bird has a history. A young English boy, son of Mr. and Lady Maria B., was spending his holidays at San Remo. One day, among the olive trees, he saw two Italian boys with this bird, which they had managed to catch, and were *amusing* (!) themselves with. They had already broken off one wing, and were proceeding to further maltreatment of the poor flutterer when young B. spied them. His English heart was stirred with indignant pity; he flew up to them, and with a bribe of a few sous, rescued the bird from its tormentors. He gave it to a young lady of his acquaintance there, who tenderly nursed the poor thing, and on her leaving San Remo she gave it to Mayflower. To be unfortunate was a sure road to Mayflower's heart. She gladly accepted of the mutilated but now recovering goldfinch, and gave it a double share in her attentions with her thrush and canary. In the autumn, when she found that she was to

remain in Switzerland, she sent to San Remo for it, rather than for either of the others, and took care of it while she lived. On the morning of her last Christmas, just three weeks before her death, it greeted her with a glad Christmas carol.

For the satisfaction of the young people who may feel interested, we may say that "little Dick" is now taken care of by Mayflower's parents, and hops about his cage well and cheerful.

Diary continued :—

"*May 1.*—Summer come again. It is pleasant to think of the long, bright, glowing days that the word calls up, and it is pleasant too to have summer in one's heart, so that one may be in harmony with the weather. I am getting stronger.

"*May 2.*—I sat sewing a patchwork cushion by the open window in the boudoir. The air was laden with the scent of roses, and the thrush and goldfinch sang a happy little duet together.

"*May 4.*—So lovely a day I have been in the open air from early morn till dewy eve. William put a chair under the great olive tree near the

boudoir window, and there I sat reading. It was so pleasant, the day like a July one in England, and a hum and stir of bees and birds and insects, sounding like a low and never-ending hymn of praise."

These extracts show that there was a simplicity, a freshness of feeling about Mayflower which enabled her to find enjoyment in everything. As she sat there, Mrs. O., who lived in the next villa (separated only by a row of roses), asked her to go into her garden for a little, which she did, passing an agreeable hour with her and her daughters. She thus notes it in her Diary :—

"In the afternoon Mrs. O. had her sofa put in her garden, and asked me to go and lie on it, which I did for a long time, amid a perfect wilderness of roses—pale, dark, crimson, yellow,—such glorious contrast! They seemed to look at me, and nod their pink heads and say, 'Who is this girl come among us, who lies so quietly in the shade, instead of walking briskly in the sunshine?'

"Never mind, roses! perhaps my time for walking will come by and bye."

This hopeful, buoyant spirit was a great boon to Mayflower. Often and often has she said to her mother, "What a happy life I lead! You and papa try to surround me with pleasures; I have so many kind friends, *and God has given me content.*" That was the secret of her happiness. She had cast herself confidingly on His love and wisdom, and so His peace kept her heart and mind through Christ Jesus.

"*May 9.*—Very warm. I did not rise early, and motherly sat by me all morning, and we had a pleasant talk. Dear mother! E. C. sent me some delicious strawberries, which I ate with cream for desert. Miss O. brought me a great bunch of roses.

"*May 11.*—Rose earlier, and came to the boudoir, which mother had made a perfect rose-bower. Had a very pleasant day. Motherly well, bless her!

"*May 12.*—Lovely day. I sat in the boudoir with the long window open, and watched the wind playing with the leaves of the Eucalyptus tree which hangs over our garden paling. There was a low twitter of birds, and a luscious scent in the air.

Papa and mamma and Edith went to church. I remained quietly reading. Miss Fitzgerald came to say good-bye. She gave me a pretty letter-weight, an alabaster greyhound lying on a pink marble slab.

"*May 16.*—Still very warm. Dr. and Mrs. Daubeny left yesterday for Varese. Dear mother has been busy packing. I went to see E. C. at twelve, and remained till half-past four. We were in the garden for a good while. She leaves on Saturday, if all is well. I shall be *so sorry* to say good-bye to her and to Maggie.

"*May 17.*—Again hot. In the afternoon I went to see E. C., and sat in the garden with her. Maggie was there too. I don't know when I shall see *her* little face again after to-morrow, but we hope to meet E. C. in Switzerland.

"Mother has been busy packing all day, so has Marion, and the house begins to look so bare. Mother came at five o'clock, and we had a delightful drive till past six. We went near Ospedalette, and the little town looked peaceful and pretty, with

the evening shadows upon it, and guarded on either side by mountain and sea. As we came home we had a view of dear San Remo, with the sun throwing a veil of light over it, and the hills changing colour in the distance. We came in in time for dinner, after which Edith went to the garden, which looks like a transformation scene, under the magic of the moon hanging like a great yellow ball in the sky. Papa went to walk in the Promenade, motherly to make bouquets, and I to rest on the boudoir sofa by the open window. A sweet, cool air came in, and it was nice to watch the dusk falling. There were fire-flies flitting among the shrubs and flowers, appearing for a moment, and then vanishing, like stars that had lost their way.

“*May* 18.—Very hot and bright. E. C. left to-day. I rose early, and thought I should be in time to give her a kiss as she passed in the carriage, but I had more pleasure than that, for she came in, and stayed for nearly half an hour, lying on the boudoir sofa! It *was* nice. Papa and Edith went to the station to see them off.

"I felt very dull at first, only I like to think that E. C. is going to meet her sister in Paris, and that in a few weeks we shall be together again. I was *very* sorry to bid Maggie good-bye, she has been so good to me."

This was their last sight of each other. Mayflower did not return, as she expected to do, to San Remo, and they never met again.

"Alas for love if this were all,
And nought beyond an earth!"

But thanks be unto Jesus Christ this is *not* all, and as believers in Him, they will meet in the "city that hath foundations," and so be "ever with the Lord."

Mayflower thus continues:—

"*May* 20.—Rev. Mr. Fenton lunched with us, and afterwards, before he went away, he prayed with us, and asked God to be with us on our journey. At five o'clock we had a drive, and went to see *Doodles* and the other birds, which Signor Boggi is to take care of in our absence. I don't believe the ungrateful *Doodles* knew me in the very least, and

he took the piece of egg I had brought him with a disdainful jerk. We are all packed now, and ready to leave."

Hitherto the family had gone home to England for the summer, returning to Italy in the autumn; but as Mayflower felt greatly the fatigue of the journey, they made up their minds to remain abroad this year, spending the hot months among the Italian lakes and in Switzerland, and coming back to their villa in San Remo in October.

Such was *their* plan. He, by whom even our very hairs are numbered, willed otherwise. Mayflower never returned.

She thus resumes her Diary:—

"May 21.—*Hôtel Cavour, Milan*.—Here we are on our travels again! The winters pass so quickly that we seem constantly moving.

"We left San Remo in hot sunshine. Rev. Mr. Fenton and Mary P. came to see us off. We had a saloon carriage, and came straight through, leaving at 12.30 noon, and reaching Milan at 11.50 P.M. We were very comfortable. There was a bed,

where I lay nearly all the time, and the consequence is I am not at all too tired. Papa and mamma also seem rested. We have our old rooms in the Cavour. I found a card from E. C.

"*May 22.*—Very quiet resting-day; the weather is lovely—more air than at San Remo. Our windows look into the public gardens, which are just across the road: the trees so beautifully green. I sat working in the window and watched the people passing. The women look graceful and picturesque, flitting about with veils on their heads instead of bonnets. I had a kind letter from Princess de S. this evening.

"*May 24.*—Pouring wet day. The people wear a remonstrating expression, as if they were not used to rain, and the horses are neatly dressed in water-proof hoods.

"*May 28.*—Lisa's birthday. I wonder when I shall be able to kiss her on her birthday, and give her my good wishes in person.

"*May 30.*—Exquisite day. I have been out nearly the whole of it in the gardens. We took our

work to the lime-tree and sat there, and the air was so soft, and scented, and balmy, and it was nice to watch the children playing. I have felt decidedly stronger to-day, and had a little walk with papa, while mother remained by my chair watching, and 'love in her eyes sat playing!'

"VILLA SERBELLONI, BELLAGIO.

"*June 1.*—We left Milan at 1.30. The country was pretty, lots of green; the trees look vivid after the soft grey olives. There were many mulberry trees. The mountains looked grand in the distance. On reaching Como we got into the boat, which was comfortable; easy seats, and an awning overhead. The scenery most exquisite, the most lovely I have ever seen; beautiful mountains, with a crown of sunlight on their heads, and deep purple shadows on their sides, running right to the water's edge; hundreds of villas dotted among the trees, and surrounded by such luxuriant gardens; and the lake is so placid, and makes a faithful mirror. On arriving at Bellagio we got into the omnibus, which

conveyed us here; we have comfortable, airy rooms, and *such* a view! The gardens are perfect—trees, grottoes, paths, seats, everything one can wish; and we can see both Lake Lecco and Lake Como, and the mountains that guard them all round. We got here about 6.30 P.M.

“*June 2 (Sunday).*—This is an enchanting place in which to spend Sunday, for one’s thoughts seem constantly a hymn of praise and of thanks to God for bringing us among such beauty. The beauty stands a closer inspection, too; mamma and I sat for hours on a seat in the garden and drank in loveliness.

“*June 4.*—*Very* warm. I had a chair to-day, and went round the most beautiful path, where the trees bent over like parasols, and at every corner the most enchanting view greeted us. Mamma and I sat there working for a long time, it was so quiet and peaceful, and the little villages looked bright with the sun on them. They are dotted about the shores of the lake, and some of the villas are planted pretty well up the mountain-sides. We could see

a snow-mountain in the far distance stretching into the blue; the contrast with our windless heat was striking. Little boats were flitting about.

“June 7.—We sat this morning on a little place, half-balcony half-terrace, which leads out from our rooms, and is so private. There is a great tree shadowing it, and a flight of stone steps to the garden, the ledges of which are filled with flowers. Mother and I sat working there, and had lunch *al fresco*. In the afternoon I went in my chair to the top of the hill—such pretty, winding, shady walks, and such a glorious view from the top! There is a flat piece of ground with a ruin on one side and a low stone wall round the other, and some trees, principally pines, which gave out a sweet, healthy scent; the ground was strewn with cones. And such a lovely view! like what we can see from the lower walks, but more extensive. The snow-mountains seemed nearer. We sat there for a long while, and came home through lovely paths and a great grotto. William wheeled me to a point in the road where one looks over a precipice into a

wild, grand gorge, and the lake lies shining far below. It seemed odd to look down on the tops of the trees.

“*June 8.*—Beautiful! but I really think I need not chronicle the weather, for it is always the same; summer is indeed summer in Italy. Dr. Daubeney and Rev. Mr. Fenton came from Varese and spent most of the day with us; it was nice to see them.

“*June 10.*—I did not feel very well, and rested most of the day. Mother sat with me.

“*June 13.*—We went to see the shops in the little village of Bellagio, which has quaint streets like the San Remo old town, with balconies at odd corners over the houses, and great windows framed with leaves. The children looked half-pleased and half-startled when our big carriage came rolling and rattling through their quiet way; they hid their faces, and laughed and looked at us from behind their mothers' shelter with roguish dark eyes. The stalls where the various things for sale were spread out looked picturesque, with oddly-coloured scarfs waving in the slight wind. We

looked at silks, which are good here; and papa bought two beautiful silk rugs which will make *couvre-pieds*.

"June 15.—A heavy thunderstorm. The damp has made my cough troublesome.

"June 16.—Wet, windy day; papa and mamma went to church; I remained reading at home.

"June 18.—Another dreadful day. I did not feel well, and remained in bed nearly all day.

"June 19.—I have felt my chest easier to-day, but I long for Davos!"

Some time before this, Mayflower had heard about Davos, and of its likelihood to benefit her health, and at one time she much wished to try it; while, on the other hand, the accounts of the difficulty of the journey, fear of fatigue, and so on, had made the idea be given up; but now, the damp heat of Bellagio weakened her so much that she felt the wish return very strongly, and on her saying so, her father at once made the necessary arrangements, and they quitted Bellagio without delay. Her Diary says:—

"*June 24.*—*Very* hot, too much so to go out. I have finished the little serviettes for E. C. I hope they will reach her in time for her birthday. I began them on the 20th of May. If all is well we go to Chiavenna to-morrow, on our way to Switzerland, and I am glad, for this heat is weakening. We have a storm this evening, heavy rain, and thunder growling and muttering.

"*June 25.*—*Hôtel Conradi, Chiavenna.*—Lovely day; we left Bellagio at 2 P.M. to-day, and had such a pleasant sail in the steamer to Colico. There we found a big travelling-carriage and four noble steeds waiting for us.

"The scenery through which we drove was very fine; on each side lines of hills, their sides dark, and a soft glow of sunlight on their heads. Those 'Everlasting Hills!' they always sober me; how many generations they have seen passing by them and going away, and they remain there always, keeping such silent watch!

"The lights and shadows were wonderful, and the drive through the wild road in the gloaming

something so new and pleasant! We saw the Splügen stretching away to the left.

“*June 26.—Silvaplana.*—Such a long drive as we have had to-day, and such a lovely day to do it in. We left Chiavenna at 11.30 A.M., and arrived here at 7.30 P.M. It was very hot at first, and our road was shut in by hills and trees. We passed many picturesque hamlets half-hidden by trees, and the soft green grass shone like an emerald. We had a river beside us the whole way; first the Maira, then the Bondasca, and then the Maloja; such torrents as they are! bounding, rushing impetuously down from the snow mountains, with a myriad rapids and waterfalls formed by the stones in their course. The waterfalls on the mountains' sides were lovely, like soft, filmy lace.

“We got into Switzerland about an hour after leaving Chiavenna, and it was nice to see the little houses with their carved wooden balconies again. The road ascends almost the whole way, consequently our progress was slow. We got to Casaccia at about 4 P.M., and had dinner there and a rest of

an hour. The air was cooler. On leaving Casaccia the road became steeper, and we wound up the Maloja Pass by a succession of zig-zags, having the most wonderful view at every turn. The sides of the mountain are thickly grown with pine trees hung with cones, which looked dark and rich. The air was so light and fresh that we all felt quite hilarious. William brought us a bunch of Alpine roses and forget-me-nots, which grow plentifully. The Maloja Kulm was very breezy and sunny, and on one side we saw the Val Bregaglia, through which we had just come; and on the other the Engadine, with its wall of snow-mountains stretching as far as eye could see. We cantered down at a round pace, and arrived at Silvaplana in good time. It seems a pretty village, and the hotel as quiet as that at Chiavenna was noisy.

"*June 27.*—We left Silvaplana at about 1 p.m., and arrived at Tiefenkasten about 7 p.m. The road is very good, and beautiful. We began to ascend the Julier Alp just behind Silvaplana, and as we went up we had glorious views of the snow-moun-

tains of the Engadine ; the Lake of Silvaplana is a vivid green colour. As we neared the summit the air became cold, and there were patches of snow lying near the road, and such piles of mountains wherever the eye rested, great jagged peaks. The Julier Pass is not clothed with verdure as is the Maloja ; it is more awful-looking, bare and rocky, and its sides seamed with torrent beds. It has had many a fight with wind and weather ! It began to snow when we got up, and we had to shut the carriage. We came down at a rattling pace, and stopped for an hour to rest the horses at a most picturesque village, in a valley round which the mountains tower. The air felt warmer again. We passed through the Oberhalbsteiner Thal, a long, richly-wooded valley through which the Julier foams swiftly, breaking into cascades every now and then. The scenery was very lovely, and the air so light and soft. Rain came on again, and in the midst of a heavy shower we reached Tiefenkasten. To-morrow will find us at Davos, I hope ; I long to be there !”

CHAPTER X.

DAVOS-PLATZ, SWITZERLAND.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes these gifts with joy.

ADDISON'S *Hymn*.

"June 28 (1878).—*Hôtel Belvedere, Davos-Platz*.—Here we are at last, and very glad to have arrived at our journey's end. We left Tiefenkasten about noon. The road is extremely beautiful: such scenery on either side; glimpses of valleys with rivers rushing through them, little villages dotted here and there, lighted by the sunshine, pine-trees all round, laden with pretty brown cones; wild gorges with steep dark sides, by which the road wound; the ears filled with the thunder of the

foaming cataracts, and over all, the mountains rising grand and snowy to the clouds !

“ We stayed for an hour at Wiesen to rest the horses, and then trundled on again, arriving at Davos at about 4.30 P.M.

“ This hotel is very comfortable, sunny, and clean, and well regulated as far as we can judge as yet. The valley is sprinkled with houses and châteaux, and is green and fertile, the Landwasser rushing through, and there are mountains to right of us, mountains to left of us, mountains all round ; and such a light, bright, bracing air that I feel better already, and have disposed of *two* chops for dinner ! The village seems a nice little place, and there are some very pretty châteaux with wooden balconies.

“ *June 29.*—Our first day in our mountain home has passed very pleasantly. Papa and mamma went out and had a walk about the place, and they feel themselves much less tired than in the heat. I remained in bed till after luncheon, taking a good rest, and then rose and sat in the balcony of our sitting-room for some time. The air is delicious, so

fresh and light, and it makes one so hungry! I feel really better to-night, my chest more comfortable than it has been since Christmas last.

"*June 30.*—Cool day, decidedly, but the air very fresh and bracing. Papa and mamma went to church this morning. I went out before lunch and sat in the sunshine, remaining out till about 4.30. I feel more inclined to walk here, and my appetite increases. It is curious to be in the cold again, after so much heat.

"*July 4.*—We have had a *snowstorm* to-day; a real, thick fall of snow, such as we have not seen since we left Scotland, years ago. The house is warm, and I have had the stove in my room lighted, and so have been very snug. Dr. Beeli came to see me, and told me to stay in bed.

"*July 5.*—E. C.'s birthday; may she see many more happy, healthy ones! The sun has been beautifully bright, and mother and I sat out enjoying it all day; the consequence is, I feel very well indeed. Every one in the hotel is so kind, and sends me so many wild-flowers, with which the

place abounds, that I hardly miss not going for them myself.

"Dr. Beeli says I am to begin regular walks out of doors; it will be delightful! I feel stronger. I go up part of the hill in a portantina, and the rest I walk, with an alpenstock in my hand. Alicia C., a bright, pleasant Irish lady, has arrived; she is very amusing.

"*July 19.*—Lovely day. Spent the morning on the balcony reading, writing, etc.; in the afternoon went to the forest; Alicia C. came too, and read aloud. It was delicious! We stayed till nearly dinner-time, when we all walked down the hill together, through the scented meadow-grass and wild flowers.

"*July 24.*—Dr. Beeli examined my chest, and says he could not have believed I could have improved so rapidly in so short a time!

"*July 27.*—It has been damp and disagreeable lately. Dear Alicia has come every day and read to me.

"*Sabbath.*—I went to afternoon service the first time for many months, and my heart felt very

thankful. The sermon was a good one, from the text, 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.' The clergyman said that we are drawn two ways; one, by the world, which attracts us by its glitter and gaiety; the other by the Cross, whereon is our Saviour, and he asked us all which way we should choose.

"*August 3.*—Lovely day, and I was able to go to the Communion service; Papa, mamma, and I together. It was such a great and solemn pleasure; it is so many months since I have been there, and God has brought me through deep waters, and set my feet in a 'wealthy place' once more. I may truly say, 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped me.'

"*August 12.*—I hope they have had as fine a day on the moors as we had here. I have been out all day.

"*August 13.*—Dr. Beeli came, and was much pleased. He wishes me to remain all winter, as I have progressed so well. It is best to do what will make me strong, but it is *dreadful* to think of not being with E. C.

"*September* 14.—I had a walk. I can walk quite nicely now, if I do not go too fast nor too far."

During the remainder of this year, 1878, Mayflower, in spite of occasional drawbacks, continued progressing on the whole. In the month of November she said one day, "I really *am* better! For a week back I have felt I am making steps towards health." She could occasionally enjoy the society of pleasant acquaintances; she worked a Christmas gift for her father, and even began to write a story, a thing she had not ventured on for a long time. But her cough becoming troublesome, she could not do much, and she left off her diary for several months.

She and her mother had always been in the habit of giving each other little New Year's and birthday gifts of their own work or composition. On the morning of the 25th January 1879 (her mother's birthday), she presented her with an envelope, inscribed, "For Mothery," in which was :—

"A THOUGHT ABOUT PEARLS.

"I once heard that in the pearl fisheries, when they want to have a number of pearls, they put a grain of something rough in the oyster-shell, and the oyster feeling it painful, covers it with a thick film, till the sharp edges are hidden away, the roughness gone, and by and bye, in hardening it becomes a smooth white pearl.

"It set me thinking that, perhaps, God sends us our trials for the same reason—that we may turn them into pearls. We are easy and comfortable in our homes, and do what we think is our duty, until something comes into our lives which takes away the pleasantness, something with harsh pricks and rasping edges, something it may be before which we turn shuddering away; but if we do what God means us to do, then, instead of despairing, we shall turn it into a pearl. We shall so cover it with thoughts of our Father's loving-kindness, His tender mercy,—we shall so remember 'He doeth *all* things well,' that by and bye the hard edges of our

trial will soften, the 'rough places' will become plain; by and bye,—not all at once, for trouble would not be trouble were it smoothed away directly, but if we honestly try, if we steadfastly set our faces heavenwards, then, by and bye, we shall learn that we are working out our Father's will, and *then* we shall have found our pearl.

"Is it not worth trying? There are so many griefs in the world, can we not turn a few into pearls? Some harassing grains, can we not make them smooth? And then, for the asking, God gives *His* Pearl of Great Price, and in living with It always close beside us, with the light that the knowledge of Its possession will cause to shine upon our faces, it will be said of us as it was said of the disciples of old, They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.'

"To my dear mother, who has nursed me long and tenderly, and who has made in my life many pearls, this little 'Thought' is given by her loving child.

"DAVOS, *January* 1879."

These little birthday offerings were things of long standing; the following extract from one written at Fort William to her mother before Mayflower was twelve years old, is given here, as comparing the thoughts of the bright little girl on the threshold of life, with those of the still bright but suffering young woman just about to leave it. After wishing her mother many happy birthdays, the little girl says, "I learnt in my lesson this morning the words of our Saviour, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' I know I am not poor in spirit, but I will ask God to make me. I hope at last we shall all meet around the great white throne above, and sing the new song. I give this to you with a prayer that all I said in here will be fulfilled. My darling mamma, your loving and affectionate daughter."

Mayflower's next entry in her diary is dated March 18, 1879.—"Rather a long period between my last date and this. I went on very well until December, when I caught cold, and have been weak and ill ever since; but now I am a little better. I have found the weather very cold, but those who

know Davos say it has not been so cold as usual, and is, in consequence, damp and unhealthy. We have had much snow since November, the valley has been white. In the middle of the day the sun has usually *great* power, but the wind is cold, and blows with varying force almost every day. We have so missed the flowers and sunshine of the Riviera, and our dear friends there. But here also we have found kind friends. Mrs. A. and her daughters Dora and Rose, whose rooms are next to ours, have been very friendly all winter. Also some others; and Dr. Beeli has been extremely attentive and kind. He thinks we should return here at any rate for the summer, so we have taken a nice little villa. The snow is melting now, and the roads are slushy. We hope to leave Davos on Saturday, the 21st instant. Our first move is to Ragatz, then Zurich, then Vitznau.

“*March 21, Ragatz.*—Drove here from Davos. The first part, to Klosters, was in a sleigh, over a very rough road, half snow, half earth; the latter part was in a travelling carriage, and more enjoy-

able. The whole journey takes about five or six hours, with a rest at Küblis, and another at Klosters.

“We felt the difference in the air of the plains; it was warm, damp, and like breathing through a veil.

“Ragatz is a pretty little place, with trees about it.

“*March 24, Zürich, Hôtel Baur au Lac.*—Very comfortable hotel, and we have charming rooms. The *salon* has a view of the lake, and the Rigi in the distance. The town is clean and airy, and there are nice shops. I have been out a good deal, both driving and in a bath-chair, and feel better.”

Here Mayflower rallied so much as to be able to play off one of her customary 1st of April jokes on her father, in the shape of a letter, purporting to be from the landlord of the Davos Hotel where they had passed the winter, accusing him of having under-paid the post-boys! in which she had so perfectly imitated the foreign handwriting, the broken English, and the various post-marks on the

envelope, that her father was quite taken in, and rather annoyed; and when during dinner she told of her little joke, his relief and the general amusement were great.

The next entry—and the last—in her Diary is as follows:—

“*April 9.—Hôtel Pfyffer, Lake of Lucerne.*—A short distance by rail from Zürich, half-an-hour by steamer, and we settled down on the shores of this most lovely lake. The ‘Pfyffer’ is a short way from Vitznau, where passengers land to ascend the Rigi.”

Here her Diary ends. She never wrote in it again.

CHAPTER XI.

VITZNAU, AND RETURN TO DAVOS.

A ripening saint ! though yet in youth ;
Full of gentleness and truth ;
Those who see the inner life
See well her part in the " Lamb's wife."

ON the shores of beautiful Lucerne the family remained about three months, Mayflower's health varying ; sometimes confining her to the house, at other times allowing her to drive about in a bath-chair, or enjoy little rows on the lake. The week after her arrival she walked out for a short distance, leaning on her mother's arm,—the first time for some months,—and, after returning to the hotel, wrote the first verses of the following little poem, which she afterwards completed :—

MOMENTS.

1.

All your moments now come trooping
Through the golden morning bright ;
Stainless moments are they, waiting,—
O my sisters ! use them right,
For they each will bear a message
To the Giver of the light.

2.

You have duties waiting for you ?
Up and do them ! brave and true !
What if they're but " every-day ones " ?
They are what God gives to you ;
And like those of great and noble,
Your brief moments go up too.

3.

You have trials ? Ah ! my sister,
There are others mourning too—
Sit not still in lonely sorrow,
Give them help and comfort true ;
And in loading so your moments
Will not you have comfort too ?

4.

Comfort, if a pale face brightens
As your step falls on the ear ;
If some poor one, sad and weary,
Learns that with you help is near ;
Comfort, when from children's faces,
With a smile you chase the tear ?

5.

Mayhap suffering is your portion
As the days steal into years—
Do the moments flitting upwards
Carry from you only tears?
Have you naught for which to thank Him?
And we know the Father hears!

6.

He is listening as the moments
Bring their message to His feet;
And He sees us! let us work then!
Strive, and pray, for Time is fleet.
With the Father watching o'er us,
Will not all our work be sweet?

7.

We can use our moments for Him,
Whether He says "Work" or "Wait;"
We can brightly greet our moments,
With a "heart for any fate!"
Till at last our moments leave us
Entering in at heaven's gate.

At the pressing request of a dear friend, Mayflower allowed this little poem to appear in her favourite Magazine, *The Homely Friend*, only on condition, however, that her real name should not appear; for Mayflower was not ambitious. She felt that her productions came far short of her

conceptions, and she had a shrinking from any one except her mother seeing her little tales and poems. She wrote simply because she took great pleasure in writing, and could not help it. Sometimes, even when weakness suggested the impropriety of exertion, she used to say that she felt as if it would hurt her more to keep it in than to write it down.

On the 3d of July they left Vitznau on their way back to Davos, resting for two days at Zürich. Here a medical professor of the college examined Mayflower's chest, and proposed that an operation should be performed after her arrival in Davos. An operation! This was a terrible idea, for she had naturally a sensitive shrinking from pain. But she had also "a place of refuge," and on this occasion betook herself to it, asking God that all her fear might be removed. *It was removed*, and on her arrival at Davos, without any remaining feeling of dread, she herself proposed to the doctor that the operation should be performed. Happily it was thought by that time to be inexpedient, and she was spared the suffering. Writing on the sub-

ject afterwards to her friend E. C. she says, "God has not tried me, *but He knows I was willing.*"

Oh, how every step in her path, every feeling in her heart, proves the faithfulness of the Lord God, and the blessedness of the man or woman who puts trust in Him! "Not one thing hath failed" that He ever spake, and the promise that He will keep those "in perfect peace" who trust in Him, is as true in Christian experience now, as it was in the time of Isaiah when it was given; as sure, as that the rainbow will accompany the shower of to-day, exactly as it did the shower in the time of Noah.

From Zürich Mayflower went to Ragatz. Detained there a fortnight by another attack, she finally reached Davos on the 21st of July. Here she felt the reviving effects of the mountain air, and was able to sit out on her balcony nearly all day. Soon after her arrival she had the happiness of the society of her uncle, who came from Scotland to see her. During his visit of two weeks she improved so much as to be able more than once to ascend the mountain in her portantina, to a clump of trees

where her hammock was slung, and in it she lay for hours enjoying the fresh air, while her uncle sketched beside her. This improvement continued, and she even got the length of walking down-stairs with assistance.

For some time it had been a question whether she should return in October to San Remo, or remain for the winter in Davos. About the end of August the doctor, who had been studying her case for some time with this question in view, said he thought it best for her to remain.

This was a very great disappointment, but she acquiesced with her usual sweetness; she had "committed her way unto the Lord," and He, thanks be unto His name, had enabled her to "know and believe the love" He had to her; therefore she received all arrangements as being made under His wise and loving control, and so was "content."

In writing to her friend Maggie soon after, she says:—"This is Sunday; it is sweet to think that though my feet go no more 'into the house of

the Lord,' yet I can worship Him in the same words and at the same time as those who can 'enter into His gates with praise.' Sometimes Jesus seems to come so *near* me, dear Maggie, I seem almost to *see* Him, and often when I am tired He gives me such sweet texts. Will you pray for me that I may not want so much to be *well*, as to do His will? for I know that is the only true happiness."

Soon after this a new, unexpected, and very severe affliction was sent to Mayflower, the sudden illness of her father, by which he was partly deprived of the use of one side.

He and her mother dreaded the effect which this affliction might have on their child's health, but her own God in whom she trusted "at all times" did not forsake her in this time of sore distress.

Writing on this subject to a much-loved friend she says:—

"DARLING MAGGIE,—Thank you so much for your letter of sympathy. I knew you would be sorry to hear of papa's illness, but, thank God, he is

better now, and progressing a little every day. His leg moves a little, but cannot support him in walking, and his poor hand is powerless. You knew him in health, and can testify to his 'cheeriness' in general, but I think you would be touched to see him with still a smile and a joke for every one, though so helpless in his chair. We have many mercies mixed with our cup of sorrow ; it is a great blessing that he suffers no pain, and that he knows us all, and that the doctor gives good hope of his recovery. Also that 'little mother' keeps well, and able for her new duties, and that I am able to trot in to see him now and then, though it grieves me to do so little for him. I try to remember that the *real* way to help him and mother is to keep myself as well as I can, and give them easy minds. Don't you think it is ?"

On the 27th September the then-officiating English clergyman in Davos, the Rev. Robert Resker, visited Mayflower in her room, and administered the Communion to her and her mother, —the last in which she joined on earth.

One day she said to her mother, "I have been collecting texts illustrative of what heaven, among other felicities which we cannot imagine, will be to different kinds of sufferers; do you think I have got appropriate texts?" and she handed her a paper on which she had written as follows:—

HEAVEN.

FOR THE TIRED—"There remaineth therefore a *rest* to the people of God." (Heb. iv. 9.)

FOR THE WEAK—"They shall *run* and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint." (Isa. xl. 31.)

FOR THE ILL—"The inhabitant shall not say, *I am sick*." (Isa. xxxiii. 24.)

FOR THE BLIND—"The eyes of the *blind* shall be opened." (Isa. xxxv. 5.)

FOR THE DEAF—"The ears of the *deaf* shall be unstopped." (Isa. xxxv. 5.)

FOR THE CRIPPLED—"Then shall the *lame* man leap as an hart." (Isa. xxxv. 6.)

FOR THE DUMB—"And the tongue of the *dumb* shall sing." (Isa. xxxv. 6.)

FOR THE ANXIOUS—"He shall enter into *peace*." (Isa. lvii. 2.)

FOR THE SAD—"My servants shall sing for joy of heart." (Isa. lxx. 14.)

FOR THE TIMID—"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain." (Isa. lxx. 25.)

- FOR MOURNERS—"The days of thy mourning shall be ended."
(Isa. lx. 20.)
- FOR THE TEMPTED—"There the wicked cease from troubling."
(Job iii. 17.)
- FOR THE REPENTANT—"With everlasting kindness will I
have mercy on *thee*, saith the LORD thy Redeemer."
(Isa. liv. 8.)
- FOR THE HOMELESS—"In My Father's house are many man-
sions ; I go to prepare a place for *you*." (John xiv. 2.)
- FOR THE SOLITARY—"Thou shalt be no more termed Forsaken ;
neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate, for
the LORD delighteth in *thee*." (Isa. lxii. 4.)
- FOR THE BUSY—"Mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their
hands." (Isa. lxxv. 22.)
- FOR THE DISCOURAGED—"They shall not labour in vain."
(Isa. lxxv. 23.)
- FOR THE WILLING—"His servants *shall* serve Him." (Rev.
iii. 22.)
- FOR STRUGGLES AGAINST SIN—"There shall be no more curse."
(Rev. xxii. 3.)
- FOR THE POOR—"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst
any more." (Rev. vii. 16.)
- FOR THE LONELY—"So shall we be ever with the Lord."
(1 Thess. iv. 17.)
- FOR THE SORROWING—"The voice of weeping shall be no more
heard." (Isa. lxxv. 19.)
- FOR THE PATIENT—"I will make darkness light before them,
and crooked things straight." (Isa. xlii. 16.)
- FOR THE TRUSTFUL—"Thine eyes shall see the King in His

beauty ; they shall behold the land that is very far off.”
(Isa. xxxiii. 17.)

FOR BELIEVERS—“Enter *thou* into the joy of thy Lord.”
(Matt. xxv. 21.)

FOR THE DYING—“Death is swallowed up in victory.” (1 Cor.
xv. 54.)

FOR THE BEREAVED—“There shall be no more death.” (Rev.
xxi. 4.)

MAYFLOWER.

As has been said, the disappointment of not spending the winter, as she at one time anticipated, with her loved E. C., and the exchanging the warmth and the roses of San Remo for the snows of Davos, was great ; but she bore it with sweetness and cheerfulness. Reconciling herself, without a murmur, to walk in the path she believed was allotted for her by her heavenly Father, she at once set herself to make their Alpine home as pretty and as happy as was in her power, thus “finding pearls!”

In a letter written about this time, she says:—
“I have a bright, cheery little friend from home staying with me ; she brings the news of the outer world into my quiet room, and does not mind

spending much of her time with a dull invalid! She is helping me to make our little boudoir so pretty with moss and ferns; we have hyacinths growing, and have hung up pictures, and bright bits of colour about, and hope that *inside*, at least, it will look like summer! Yesterday and to-day snow has fallen pretty heavily, but we have had a splendid summer and autumn, and now winter *must* come."

Mayflower was wrong when she called herself a "dull invalid." She was full of sympathy, utterly forgetful of self, and possessed a quick, delicate perception of what was agreeable to the feelings of others. This, with her natural, easy manners, and an inexpressible sweetness pervading her whole aspect—reflex of the new nature within—made her a most attractive companion. As one, somehow, feels glad in a sunny day, so in her company one felt pleased and happy, without exactly knowing why.

When her boudoir was arranged, she softened and warmed the snow-light outside by rose-coloured muslin on the windows, and on little tables placed the photographs of the friends she loved.

On her sofa, to which increasing weakness now frequently confined her, she busied herself in selecting and writing out texts for Flower-Mission cards; also in seeking from "*The Queen*," and other sources, little plans of usefulness in aid of the poor, especially the sick poor. When she found any she liked and thought practicable, she would ask her mother to read it aloud, and consulted with her as to how it might be tried.

Here too, occasionally, she was able to enjoy visits from friends, among whom came her kind Alicia; also pleasant-voiced Mrs. Ashmead Bartlett, accompanied sometimes by her little grandchild Sibyl bringing flowers, or fruit—a rarity in Davos for the gentle girl on the sofa, who had always a smile and kind word for a child.

Conversing one day with Alicia, Mayflower said, "I am so happy! though I am a little sorry to part with my poor body,"—patting herself, with a touch of her old playful fun—"but to think of the glorious sight of Jesus! face to face! my only sorrow is for my parents, they will miss me so much."

Unselfish to the last, her thoughts were ever for her father and mother. One of the last times she saw her father she said, "Papa, when you waken in the morning you need not think of me as *coughing*, think of me as *singing* up yonder!"

In this little room, too, it would seem as if the Saviour she so longed to see had vouchsafed her a foretaste; for one day, on her mother entering after a short absence, Mayflower turned a beaming face on her, exclaiming, "Oh, mamma, I have been *so* happy! Jesus has been with me—so near I almost saw Him!"

A year after Mayflower had left this world, Mrs. Bartlett, conversing one day with her mother about her, and recalling her visits, said, "I can never forget the halo I saw on your child's face one day, when I had been expressing my disappointment that she could not join us at luncheon downstairs. In that sweet, gentle tone, which ever characterised her speech, she replied, 'My dear Mrs. Bartlett, that little mother of mine taught me from my infancy that God is *love*; and of the early

impressions she instilled into me, the one I most distinctly remember is, to believe that whatever my Heavenly Father sends me is sent in love.' Another day—the very last I ever had the privilege of conversing with her—observing that her breathing was shorter than usual, I felt impelled, as I looked at the lovely snow-mountains and pure sky seen from her window, to speak of the purer heaven beyond, where no suffering can penetrate. Instantly appreciating my motive, she said, 'The prospect is all joy for *me*; but oh, how my dear parents will miss me! What will they do when I am gone? No words of mine could tell you their devotedness to me; it is only for them that I have any desire to stay here.' God's love was her strength; she longed to be with her Saviour; but her deep natural affection rested at times upon the aching void she well knew her parents must feel."

About this time Mayflower wrote to a friend about a situation for her maid; for, when possible, she never allowed her bodily weakness to interfere with efforts for the good of others. She writes:—

"I dare say you remember Marion, my little maid whom you saw at San Remo? She was obliged to leave me last May through ill-health; but now she writes that the rest at home and change of air have quite set her up again, and she wants another situation. In case you know of any one wanting a maid, and you think she might suit, I shall give you her address: she is very willing and obliging, and thoroughly trustworthy."

Here a tribute may be paid to faithful service. Her maid, Marion, when aged nineteen, entered her service at the very beginning of her illness, and attended her carefully and with affection for nearly eight years, only leaving her at last partly because the air of the Alps gave her neuralgia, and partly because her mother required her at home, little thinking her loved young mistress was so near the end.

Their man-servant, William, had been in the family for a yet longer period, and gave his services cheerfully and faithfully through all the journeyings abroad; drawing Mayflower in her bath-chair, as-

sisting to carry her in her portantina, and in a thousand ways thinking of and attending to her comfort. He still remains the faithful and valued attendant of her father.

It has been said that one cannot be a hero to one's servant. Here is testimony in the opposite direction from Mayflower's maid, Marion, who, after hearing of her death, wrote :—" She had always a sweet word and a loving smile for every one ; she was always trying to make other people feel happy. Oh, I can never forget her ! she was a pattern to all, so patient, and bore all without a murmur. I was looking up some of her favourite texts on Sunday."

CHAPTER XII.

"ASLEEP."

No more dimmed with tears
Those radiant eyes,
That look for us in glory
Beyond the skies !
Ours—the yearning heart forlorn,
Theirs—the joy that comes with morn !

WINTER was now advancing, but the weather was comparatively mild, with brilliant sunshine. Suddenly it changed to cold, and on the 28th November Mayflower had another attack of hemorrhage, caused, her doctor said, by this sudden change from mild to extremely cold weather.

This attack weakened her already weak frame very much. Still her natural buoyancy and hopefulness did not desert her. On the 2d December she felt decidedly better, and said to her mother,

"Má-ma, I think for me death's door must be locked, and the key lost!"

Next day, as she could not be moved to her father's room, and he could not come to hers, she wrote a few lines to him with her left hand, not being allowed to use her right. On the day following he was permitted to be assisted into her room, and they had the happiness of again seeing one another, after ten days' separation.

On the 15th December she was able to be partly dressed. With assistance she *walked* into her boudoir for the day, and walked back to bed in the evening. On the 18th December she said to her mother, "Sometimes I have such thoughts as if God did not care for me, and I have only strength to say, 'Lord, Thou *knowest* that I love Thee!' I feel it such a comfort that God *knows* everything—that when I am so weak that I cannot speak, cannot pray, I can *feel* that He sees into my heart and *knows* that I love Him."

The weather became again very fine, and on the 23d December it was so mild that she was able to

be carried out of doors in her sleigh for a short while, and enjoyed it much.

On Christmas morning, just as she and her mother awoke, her little bird from San Remo, which had not sung for many weeks, suddenly trilled out a little song. "It is singing a Christmas carol!" said she, with delight. She felt a little better this day, received her own Christmas presents, and sent off some from herself—among them a pair of slippers which she had worked some months previously, to her father. In the afternoon she rose, and lay on her sofa, her mother reading to her and conversing. When she was again in bed she said, "What a happy afternoon we have had!"

The 1st January 1880 dawned sadly on the little villa, for Mayflower both felt and looked ill. Still her wonderfully bright spirit was not subdued. On the 4th January, the day being very fine, she was allowed to be dressed in bed, and then, wrapped in furs, was carried to her sleigh and taken out of doors for an hour, her mother walking by her side, her father looking at her from his window.

This was the last time she was out. Her weakness increased so much that she could see no one save her mother, and Dr. Beeli, whose great kindness at this time her parents can never forget. He not only spent every hour and half-hour with her that he could spare from his other patients, but of his own accord remained in the house all night on several occasions. One evening he said to her mother, "You had better telegraph for her uncle." This was instantly done, and on the 12th January he arrived from London, accompanied by a cousin from Scotland, who, on hearing of their sore need, came to help.

The "rest for the weary" was now at hand, and is best told by the following extract from her uncle's letter to his wife :—

"Davos, Switzerland, 18th January, Sunday night.
—Our darling seems to be very near the end now. The doctor thinks she will not survive the night.

"She is like an angel, not only in look, but in what she says. For two or three hours this afternoon she spoke to every one around her in the most

earnest tones, and with intense sweetness and affection. Only a few of her sayings I can recall. She had had a terribly exhausting morning. Once she remarked to Dr. Beeli, 'Surely the bitterness of death is past?' 'Yes,' replied he, in his grave, kind manner.

"Last night she said to me, 'When I'm gone, uncle, you'll look at me and say, "Life's feverish struggle o'er, she sleepeth well, poor Isobel!"' I replied, 'Yes, but I won't say *poor* Isobel, but *happy* Isobel!' Several times she said, '*Dear* má-ma, you'll feel it much at first; but you're getting old, *dear* mamma, and you'll soon join me.'

"Her naturally sweet smile was sweeter than ever every time she spoke. After a time she began to speak more about Heaven, and often said, 'Oh, I'm *so* happy!' and 'I do hope I'm going to die soon; I don't want to come back again.'"

About this time (afternoon) she thought she was really going, and began to say good-bye to every one, and there was a tone in her voice that was inexpressibly sad.

"I want to see Fraser" (her maid) "to say good-

bye to her." When the maid came in, she said, "Good-bye, Fraser; you've been so kind to me, and I want you to 'come;' won't you come? promise me that you'll come. Good-bye, Fraser."

Fraser left the room, and William was called at her request, and she spoke to him in the same earnest, pathetic tone, and said, "Good-bye," adding, "Take care of papa, William." Then to her young friend who was standing beside her, "And you, too—you'll come too, won't you? Promise me—*promise*"—and she took the promise of each one in the room. Then, looking up, "Oh, I'm *so* happy. The dear, *dear* Lord, I *do* love Him. 'I go to prepare a place for you—for *you*—for *you*'" (with great earnestness); "each one of us has a place prepared, and it would be so sad if we did not fill it, wouldn't it? And you'll think of me in *my* place, won't you? Such *nice* work there will be there for us! and it's such nice work here too, sometimes."

Her father was assisted by William to her bedside, and took her hand. Oh! it was touching to

see him, so helpless, and so broken down in heart. "Dear, dear Popsums," she said, using the old familiar term of endearment, "it's very hard on you. But I've not been so happy in all my illness as now that I'm going to leave you and mamma. 'Accepted in the Beloved!' You'll like coming all the more when I'm up there, dear Popsy; and you're old now, it won't be long. If this is death you won't mind it, will you? And you'll promise to come too, won't you?"

Scarcely able to speak, her father promised. He then bent towards her face, when with a great effort of love she managed to raise her head to meet him, and they kissed each other for the last time on earth, but not for the *last* time, blessed be God! He was assisted back to his room. Several times she quoted a few lines of hymns, and always with a glad, triumphant look upwards. Among others were the lines—

"He doeth all things well,"
We say it now with tears;
But we shall sing it with those we love
Through bright eternal years.

Frequent flashes of her inexhaustible and irrepressible humour broke out even during these solemn hours, but the chief portion of all she said consisted of tender, loving expressions of gratitude to God, and to those around her. Among other things, she said, "Give my dear love to Aunt Tinnie, she was fond of me; tell her to 'come,' too. And give my dear love to Aunt Jeanie also, and to everybody."

She was peculiarly tender in her expressions of love for E. C., and asked for her photograph. It was given to her; she looked at it, kissed it several times, then laid it down, saying, "Oh, E. C., but we shall meet in heaven!"

When all except her mother had left the room, she lay back with her eyes closed. After a time she opened them, and, meeting her mother's, a sudden brightness, a smile like a sunbeam, illuminated her sweet face for a moment, as she said with inexpressible tenderness, "*You and I!*" the name of a song she used to sing in days gone by. She then reposed again.

Towards night she became a little more uneasy,

but ultimately obtained sleep by an opiate. Before taking it she asked her mother to read to her. "Read me what it says about heaven in the last two chapters of Revelation;" and her mother read aloud from the 21st and 22d chapters as much as she thought she could listen to.

"*Monday Morning, 19th.*—She is still here. Has had a most unexpectedly quiet night, and ate with appetite this morning, but it is only a flicker of the flame. She said to me, when I went in to see her, 'Isn't it hard to come back?'

"She is now so weak as to be only able to whisper, and does not like any one to disturb her.

"I went in softly just now to look at her. She opened her eyes, and a faint touch of her sweet smile was visible for a moment. Her weakness is so great and her breathing so short, that surely the end cannot be far off.

"She has no cough now.

"Yesterday she said to her father, with a pause between each word, 'You know how much I have coughed; will you think of me now as without any

cough?' Dear one, we will think of her hereafter as singing the triumphant song of 'Glory to the Lamb!'

"Tuesday, 20th.—She went home at seven o'clock this morning. Fell gently asleep in Jesus—gently as a babe on its mother's breast. Her last act was to drink some coffee made and given to her by her mother. She is now for ever with the Lord—'the dear Lord.'"

And so passed away one of the sweetest, gentlest, most loving, and truest of human beings. The precious remains were brought over to England and laid in Highgate Cemetery. There, shaded by trees and surrounded by the flowers she loved, they peacefully await the tender "Talitha-cumi" of the resurrection morn,

"Accepted in the Beloved."

CHAPTER XIII.

FRUITS.

MAYFLOWER had prayed that the Lord would let her be known by her fruits. Here are some :—

“ *Regard for the Poor.*”—She regularly set apart a tenth part of her allowance for charity. As soon as she received her money she placed the allotted sum in its own particular division in her pocket-book; and she always did so *at once*, lest, as she said to her mother, she might forget, or be tempted to use it otherwise. No one knew of this but her mother. Neither had she alone the charity which gives money, but also the charity of 1 Cor. xiii., which “thinketh no evil;” for she was never heard to speak ill of any one, and at all times the “law of kindness” ruled her tongue.

"*Love of order*" was a marked feature in her character. Everything belonging to her was always neat and orderly. After her departure to the better land, her work-basket, writing-desk, account-book, all were found in the nicest order. And she liked to have everything conscientiously *correct*, as well as orderly. One day, when too unwell to go out, she asked her mother to get her something she required, giving her money to pay for it. Her mother, on her return with the article, gave her the change, saying, "It came to a few pence more, which I paid rather than change your silver, but you need not mind it." "But I *do* mind it," said she; "I like to have my accounts *correct*, even to a penny; so please, mamma, let me have the exact change, and then I can mark it in my book."

She received her quarter's allowance just three weeks before her leaving this world, and she herself placed it in her purse and marked it in her book. After her departure her book was found *correct*, and the sum for charity wrapped in paper in its own division in her pocket-book.

A dear companion, to whom a piece of her fancy needle-work had been sent, writes, "Thank you for the bit of work, so dainty! to think of her dear fingers sewing each fine stitch! it is so characteristic of her; full of prettiness and delicacy, with the sense of *humour* so strong. Everything she attempted she did well. She was so *thorough*."

The same conscientious correctness extended to her words; she never said what she did not mean, and she always meant and felt exactly what she said.

Patience, Thankfulness.—These were great and constant.

Often she coughed incessantly for two hours, on awaking in the morning, and afterwards lay back on her pillow exhausted, but *never* did a murmur, or an impatient word come from her lips; on the contrary, she was always sweet, always grateful for any ease, always ready to console, or to give utterance to some innocent bit of fun to bring a smile to those about her. All the notice she takes in her Diary of any increase of suffering is, "My cough was trouble-

some;" while such expressions as, "I am *much* better to-day" often occur. Indeed the constant utterance of her tongue and pen was, "How good God is to me!" while the expressions, "How happy I am!" "What a happy life we lead, dear mother; how many are suffering *alone*, while I have you and papa!" were of frequent occurrence, her bright, beaming look showing that the words came from her heart.

She marked the verse, "Be thankful for *all* things," in her Bible, and she obeyed the precept at all times with unwavering cheerfulness.

One morning, shortly before her death, when very weak, she called her mother to her bedside, and said, "I have had a mercy from the Lord; will you kneel down beside me and thank Him?"

Recognition of God in all things.—Her recognition of God was restful, strengthening, abiding. She realised His presence, power, and love in *everything*,—in sickness, in amendment, comforts, disappointments; applying to Him for daily direction, and placing herself and her health

in His hands with the confidence of a loving little child. If she felt better, it was God's kindness,—if worse, it was His will, and must be right. Journeying, she committed her and hers to His care. In doubt, she "asked of the Lord;" in disappointment, she "went and told Jesus."

A lady in San Remo said to Mayflower's mother, "I shall never forget the lesson of simple trust in God your daughter one day unconsciously gave me. I had been speaking of the current literature, and said, 'I avoid it, as it sticks to one's memory.' She looked at me with an expression of childlike faith in her eyes, and said, 'When I take up a book or newspaper to read, I just ask God to hinder anything in it from hurting me.'"

One beautiful winter's Sabbath-day in Davos, the doctor called early to say she ought to go out in her chair for an hour, at the same time bidding her keep out of the way of the sleighs of the country folks, who would be driving about, as it was a *fête* day. When she was ready to go her mother proposed staying from church to accompany and take

care of her; but this she would not allow, saying sweetly, "No, mamma, God can take care of me without your help." And the Lord honoured her trust; she did not encounter a single sleigh.

One of her very favourite verses in the Psalms was, "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is *fixed*, trusting in *the Lord*" (Ps. cxii. 7). When she was a child her favourite Psalm was the 23d. In her last days she delighted in the 91st, and never tired of listening to it. Often when her mother has said, "What shall I read to you?" she would reply, smiling a sort of deprecatory smile, "The 91st Psalm."

She saw and gratefully acknowledged her Heavenly Father's hand in her illness, often saying, "He has led me by the *right* way." While speaking on this subject with her mother one day, she said, "I now see that if God had not taken away my voice, I should have made an idol of singing." No one who did not know the beauty of her voice, the greatness of her musical talent, the intense love she had for singing, can understand the depth of

resignation to God's will which these words reveal, and which He Himself must have put into her heart.

And God let her feel even in this life the blessedness of such resignation to His will. One day in Davos, soon after the arrival of her young friend Mary S., she said, "Mamma, I have given my voice to God." Shortly after this her friend went to a concert, and on her return related the enjoyment she had had. Next morning, on awaking, Mayflower said, "Má-ma, you remember my telling you I had given my voice to God? Well, I *know* now that I really *did* give it, for yesterday, when Mary was telling us about the concert and the beautiful singing, I heard her without a pang, or even a wish about it. Formerly I used to *long* to sing when I heard it spoken of."

She had a great dread of idols. One day she said to her mother, with a sort of tender fear in her eyes, "Mamma, I hope you don't make an idol of me?"

Joy was another fruit of her loving and constant

realisation of God ; joy in Himself, enjoyment in all His works. A friend writes on this subject:—
“ Her merriment and fun seemed all to come from such a joyous, unburdened heart, that one felt it could all but be from the deeper joy of the Lord. Such merry laughter often, that did one good ! and then her appreciation of all that was beautiful showed how she valued all God’s good gifts. I am sure she herself never knew how much she testified, without any words, to the Life that was in her, and that enabled her to lead the gentle, bright, pure life she did.” Another—her much-valued minister in the Highlands—writes: “ Her life was bright always, even before the shadow of suffering fell on it ; and the shadow did not cloud the brightness, but made it more shining. Those who knew her intimately long felt that the brightness was not all owing to natural cheerfulness of disposition, although that was a striking feature of her character, but that it came from a light *beyond*. The submission and contentment by which it was marked testified to its source, and made it lovelier than the brightness of

natural gifts. I trust the perusal of the record of her beautiful life will do good to many a young soul, and also teach those older in years how to submit to the chastening rod."

Peace.—A sunny sweetness characterised the first years of her life; the last seemed an embodiment of the promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee" (Isaiah xxvi. 3).

Purity of Heart.—It is remarkable that in almost all the letters of sympathy written to her bereaved parents by loving friends, the words *pure*, *purity*, occur.

One friend writes:—"Her lovely angel-life so truly manifested the love of Jesus in her. She 'steadfastly gazed,' and so, without knowing it, reflected His likeness. I always felt it so good to be with her. I loved her, and will ever feel the better for having known her pure, gentle life. Her memory is, indeed, hallowed with all that is pure and lovely."

Another writes:—"It was with deep grief I received the news of your great loss. She whom

your care could only for a time shield from life's storms, is now a bright flower-spirit in the Lord's garden. She always reminded me of a snowdrop, in beauty of person, and purity of character! and now, like that fair plant, she is to sleep for a space until the Resurrection spring-time."

A beloved friend writes:—"I feel such a pure life and early removal was for good beyond her own circle. In that she truly was a blessing. None can think of her without a chord of thankfulness for having known her, and also that she is with Jesus. Hers was a beautiful life,—pure, and gentle, and loving,—as near the Master's example as any on earth could be. I never heard her murmur, and it was a heavenly light illumined her smile. A sight of her always did me good,—as I think, there was so much that I loved in her! but it is indescribable,—of Jesus, I believe, and from constant intercourse."

Another dear friend writes:—"When I remember she is no longer among us, that she has gone *home*, I find it difficult to be resigned to His will, though I know it is all for the best. Far away as I was

from your sweet child, the thought of her was such a comfort! I knew that in every joy, in every sorrow, I could come to her for sympathy. She was for me all that is good, and pure, and true, and womanly, and a Christian in the fullest sense of the word. I shall never forget the impression she made on me the very first time I saw her; she was the picture of holiness and purity, and her gentle goodness was like a revelation to me. I can never rightly tell what she has been to my inner life! My darling! God alone knows what she has been to me, and I shall never, never forget her."

A loved young companion writes:—"I never knew a girl so lovely, so sweet, so good, and highly gifted, or so patient and submissive to God's will. I remember so well at San Remo, once when we were talking of our future lives and what might happen to us, her saying, 'I know I'll get what is best for me.' Hers was a beautiful life, and I feel so thankful to have known and loved her, and to know too that the love and friendship are to be continued some day in another world."

Another companion writes:—"I did so want to write to you at Easter, but was not able, and my sister (who knew your child only by report) picked out a card with snowdrops and 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' saying, '*That* would have just done.'"

Another:—"You and her father are saying, 'I shall go to her, though she may not return to me,' and I think others of us feel the same; and only in this hope can bear to think that so much purity, and innocency of life, and warmth of affection, have exhaled from this lower world."

Another writes:—"I cannot express how deeply interested I am in all you tell me of your dear child's last days. Surely she, 'being dead, yet speaketh,' and her beautiful example of faith, patience, and *joy* at the prospect of death, must fill our hearts with thankfulness, and show us that death is indeed 'robbed of its sting, the grave of its victory' in the case of those blessed ones who 'die in the Lord.' How ripe your darling was for that blessed land, where, no doubt, her Lord had 'prepared a place' for her! I trust you feel as I do, that when we are

able to hope that our loved ones have been taken *home*, sad and lonely as we *must* feel without their presence, the *sting* of death is taken away, and God enables us to yield them up to Him."

Another writes:—"No words could describe what she was! so sweet, so bright, so unselfish, and so *wonderfully* pure in heart. She was a bright example to us all, I think. Her simple faith and trust in God was very beautiful, and He did not fail her at the last. Very deep sympathy is felt for you and her father; I dare say you may have heard that the Rev. G. L. Fenton, in one of his sermons, told his people of her bright and beautiful faith, and quoted some of her last words."

Another writes:—"I am deeply interested and greatly pleased to hear so much of your daughter's inner, spiritual life. Though doubtless your tears will flow, they will be tears of sorrow, not of sadness, for sadness can have no place in your heart when you think of your dear child. Hers was a bright and happy life the while it lasted, and cast sunshine on your path, and you have cause to be grateful for the

loan the good Lord gave you ; but hers has been a brighter and happier death, for the light of Heaven was gleaming on her departure, and beckoning you to follow where she has gone. There, the gift which was only lent on earth will be restored, never again to be taken away. It is worth being born into the world to have such a departure out of it."

A much-loved companion writes :—" It must be consoling to you to hear of the influence her holy and gifted mind exercised over others ; but how feeble are words to portray *her*, or the beauty and purity of her perfect character !"

She seemed some pure and lovely thing,
To earth a moment given,
To bless men's eyes, and then take wing
Back to her native Heaven.

Contentment.—She had learned to be "content." And her contentment was not that of apathy, or indifference, for weak and ill as she was, her energy, and her relish for intellectual and active enjoyment never seemed to leave her. Her frame only was weak ; the sympathies of her heart were as warm, and her

delight in congenial companionship as great, as in the old days when, as she expressed it, she "was strong;" yet, when stretched by weakness on her couch, forbidden by her medical adviser to see friends, to laugh, or write, sometimes even to speak but in a whisper—through all these trying times she was "content," uncomplaining, her sweet smile and grateful look, and when possible a sportive sally, rewarding every little attempt to alleviate and amuse. And this frame of mind was continuous. Often has she said, "I wonder what makes people so good to me!" Twice she mentions incidentally in her Diary, different friends on taking leave, saying, "God bless you!" and each time she gratefully adds, "And He *has* blessed me, for He has given me content." An intimate friend said of her, "It was so sweet to hear her talk, and such a wonderful light came all over her face sometimes, that one felt she was fast ripening for heaven."

Sympathy.—She was ever ready to sympathise with the joy or the sorrow of others. The following extract is from a letter to Mayflower's mother

from her attached nursemaid, written from the far-off region of Hudson's Bay, North America, where she dwells with her husband, "Friend Tom":—"I cannot tell you with what sorrow and weeping I read your letter. You must comfort yourself knowing that your loss is your darling child's gain. Only think of her an angel in heaven! doing the work her Father has got for her to do, and filling the place her dear Saviour prepared for her. What a dear child she was! I shall never forget the first time I saw her at Fort William after my children died. She was not allowed to come near us for fear of the infection, but one day she was out walking and she saw me, and she came to me and stood beside me crying, and kissed me. They were calling to her to come back, but no, not till she was ready would she go away."

How true to life is this reminiscence of the sympathising, self-forgetting little child!

Home for Invalid Ladies.—Mayflower was deeply interested in the "Home for Invalid Ladies of limited means" in San Remo. The object of this

"Home" is to provide a comfortable winter residence, in a good climate and with every necessary for health, for those *only* who could not possibly obtain it for themselves.

This most admirable institution—now in its third year—had its origin in the warm, philanthropic heart of E. C., and Mayflower's desire to help was so great that it overcame her natural timidity, and she wrote in its behalf to an old gentleman with whom she had only a slight acquaintance, but of whose benevolent and charitable disposition she had heard much. Great was her delight on receiving from him a prompt and kind reply, with a promise of a handsome donation for the "Home." One of her last expressed wishes in the closing days at Davos was, that an effort should be made to get as many as possible of the visitors to that place to fill up her collecting card. After she "fell asleep" this wish was attended to, and her card was sent round among the visitors—a message, as it were, from the better land.

The "Home," as its second annual report shows,

is prospering well; friends at home and in San Remo assisting, some with donations, some with annual subscriptions; and Drs. Daubeney and Freeman, English resident physicians in San Remo, giving their medical attendance gratuitously. The chaplain, the Rev. G. L. Fenton, conducts a weekly service on Monday afternoons, for such of the inmates as are unable to attend at church. During the past season, 1879-1880, ten ladies were accommodated, all of whom, it is confidently believed, have derived great benefit, in spite of the unusually cold weather.

It may, perhaps, be out of place here to plead the cause of a charitable institution, but, apart from its intrinsic value, one cannot help feeling that those who take an interest in Mayflower from this record of her life, may perhaps wish to give aid to an object in which she herself took a very warm interest.

NOTE.—Any aid given to the "Home" may be paid into the London Bank, Messrs. Barnett, Hoare, Hanbury, & Lloyd, 62 Lombard Street, London.

Society for the Protection of Animals.—In another benevolent and much-needed effort then being made in San Remo, Mayflower took a warm, and, as far as she could, an active interest, viz., the creation of a "Society for the Protection of Animals." No English visitor could fail to be struck and pained by the absence of common humanity in the treatment there of horses, donkeys, and other poor beasts of burden, which were daily seen dragging loads beyond their strength up the steep and ill-made roads. All *felt* this; but there was one lady, Miss Heriot Maitland, who resolved to *act*. She prevailed on the Italian authorities in San Remo to sanction and protect this Society. Its object is to ameliorate the condition of the lower animals. Miss Maitland's efforts were likewise so well assisted by many of her own country-folk, that the Society was at length regularly organised; and the amount of good it has done and is now doing, as shown by the printed reports, is most encouraging.

There is an element of advancement as well as repression in this Society, for, through the liberality

of friends to the cause, prizes are annually given to the owners of the best-kept horses and donkeys. We may add that Signor Ruffini, the author of the well-known *Doctor Antonio*, is honorary president of the "Society."

Should these institutions, the "Home" and the "Society" prosper, we may look for the cheering of many saddened hearts and the invigorating of many weakened frames, through the instrumentality of the one; and for humanely-treated animals from the influence of the other; to the supporters of both we wish the blessedness of those who "consider the poor," whether of the higher, or the lower animal creation.

* * * * *

One day, perhaps two months or so before May-flower's departure, she said to her mother, "I have been thinking much of the verse, 'Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty,' and I am thinking of writing about it." She was soon too ill for any effort of the kind, and no more was said on the subject. But she had evidently been trying to write

her thoughts on it as they arose, for after her departure her mother found two fragments on scraps of paper, apparently jotted down at different times, as she had found strength,—the last being in pencil. Here they are:—

“Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.”—(ISA. xxxiii. 17.)

Fragment first.

“Have you thought much about that verse, dear friends, and of all that it implies? Has it come home to you that it is *your* eyes which are one day to behold the ‘King’? that it is to *you* the words are spoken? Your eyes may be often tired now, or dim with tears; it may be your portion day after day to meet the glances of other eyes which flash no sympathy back to yours, or to miss the response of eyes which once made a sunshine in your home. I do not know your lives, but this I know, that all who have their faces turned Zionwards shall one day behold ‘the King!’

“Is not this enough to brighten us when our days seem dull? Why do we let the clouds come

between us and the promise which shines like a line of light on the far-away horizon ?

“Meanwhile we are not left without beauty. ‘God hath given us all things richly to enjoy ; let us go through His world with seeing eyes ; let us accustom ourselves to *look* for beauty. And I do not mean only the beauty in nature—that of the trees bending to whisper in the wind, or of the mountain-stream eddying over the rocks, or the beauty and hush of the twilight when day is done ; neither do I mean only that of art, of delicate statuary, and pictures where eyes laugh back to you from the canvas ; but I mean also the beauty in the characters of those around us. As we go through life I think we should keep before us what our eyes are one day to see, it might help us to blind them to the unpleasantnesses of life, and open them more to the beautiful sides there are.

“I have read books sometimes which speak of this world as a wilderness, and poems which call it a desert ; I do not agree with them ! There is sorrow in this world, and sin, but there is beauty too,

and our King hath given us richly *all* things to enjoy!

“There are beauties familiar to all of us, and which any who live in the country may see every day. Is there not beauty in the sheen upon the water as it changes in cloud, and sunshine? in the lights and shadows chasing each other as the wind passes among the trees? in the cool, quiet shade, with the sunbeams flickering beyond, by the pond where every fern is reflected? in the tall and stately garden flowers, and in the violets and primroses by the roadside? in the broad, level plains with ripening corn-fields, and a line of heathery hills sloping away to the blue beyond? There is the beauty of the day; and the mysterious beauty of the night, when familiar things change and gleam in the moonlight; there is the loveliness of youth girding on its armour for the battle, and the beauty of old age which has been through the fire and come out purified, whose eyes wear a dreamy, expectant look, as if they knew they were nearing ‘the King.’

"I think, too, people may live beautiful *lives*, I mean by doing their *duty*; and *this* is within the power of us all. The humblest little maid who does a thing because it is *right*, not merely because she may wish to do it, or because her companions say it is the thing to do, is a servant of that 'King' whom she will one day see.

"There is a beauty (not visible to *our* eyes, but very plainly seen by our King) in resisting the temptation to wrong-doing; in the gentle patience which answers a harsh, and perhaps unjust rebuke." . . .

Fragment second (written in pencil).

". . . Our eyes are one day to behold 'the King;' do we behave as if we remembered this? Do we not sometimes misconstrue motives, or seem not to see what is meant, when the recollection of what is coming ought to fill these eyes of ours with such a light of love and gratitude, that the anger would be all quenched? Let us try what keeping these words before us will do; let us " . . .

And here it ends—her failing strength expended in an effort of exhortation to obey “the King”! Ere she could write more she was herself summoned to see “the King in His beauty.” As her uncle said when he read it, “A fitting and characteristic sentence with which to finish a bright career.”

Oh! may all who read this memoir be enabled, like Mayflower, to “follow on to know the Lord.” Amen.

Only a little darkness
Before the dawn ;
Only a night of weeping,
And then—the morn !
When the Bridegroom calleth us away,
And the shadows pale unto the Day.

THE END.

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